THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1927.

Historical Society o

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CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Why not revive the old patched quilt for the tourist trade next year as the women of the United States are doing? We have to go back a long time to find the first women who embroidered and did fine needlework. We read in the Bible days, for we read in Ezekiel of the "broidered work and fine linen of Tyre" and in the palaces of Pharaoh's daughter, whose clothing was of wrought gold. The oldest known piece of patchwork is found in the museum at Cairo. It is of colored gazelle hide, the skin is still bright pink, deep yellow and pale blue, the dyes have survived through the ages, for the patchwork was used as a funeral pall for an Egyptian queen who died about 960 B.C. Recently collections of old patchwork quilts have been made in the United States, where a century ago the making of these quilts was the work of the women of the household, who often made their designs from nature. Morning glory quilts of pale pink and blue flowers applied on a cream ground; wild rose patterns and the south land white blossoms of the dogwood and the leaf of the tulip trees gave the artist an inspiration. Tufted quilts are of ancient origin going back to the Persians of the early centuries for their designs. The tufted quilt is much treasured in many a household because "grandmother made it." The great care and neatness required to make a really good quilt is rare now-a-days. Some years ago when on a holiday near Lake Simcoe, two girls spent the time and some old ladies whose father had been an officer in the Crimean war. They displayed the most wonderful patchwork quilts for their visitors' benefit. The tiny pieces were made from the cotton frocks they had worn when they were girls, and the old print that did not fade. The exquisite neatness and the taste shown in the arrangements of the colors made these quilts real treasures. The memories of happy days were sewn into them and although one lady was over ninety and the other only a few years younger, they watched us eagerly to see whose quilt we thought the prettier.

The Rotary Club, of Napanee, enjoyed Hallowe'en as people do enjoy things when they are trying to help others. The Rotary memories was the place where all the fun went on, and was decorated with orange and black and all that may go with Hallowe'en that clever brans and fingers could devise. But the best of it was that the frolic was a success and not only in the way of giving the Rotarians, the Rotary Anns and their friends a good time, but because there will be a few boys who are not able to run about as other children, who will be aided by the money raised by the gaiety.

A daughter of Lennox and Addington has brought out a charming book of verse which she calls "Songs That the Wind has Sung." Her name is Elizabeth Cameron and she has signed the poems of her sweet verses which have been published from time to time in the Toronto Mail and Empire and Canadian Bookman. Miss Cameron was born on Amherst Island. Her mother was a daughter of Rev. J. Rothwell, for 50 years an active clergyman of the Island parish. Miss Rothwell married Major E. R. C. Pechell, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, and Miss Cameron is their daughter. Her verses are charming and 'Lucinda,' whose father knew her mother, had the pleasure of picking out the threads of an old family friendship while on a holiday with journalistic friend in the Muskoka district. Lake Vista, Mrs. Cameron's verse touches the heart and her little book will be a welcome Christmas gift. It is tastefully bound and is a proof that good work can be done in small newspaper offices, for it was got out in the little office of Oakfield, Ont., one of our many excellent small weekly papers. One of the verses that everyone who has known Lucinda, who died in the early young have not, will want to keep deep in their memory, is "My Prayer." Mrs. Cameron came of a seafaring race and has herself led much and in "The Old Sailor" has embodied the longing for the sea in one who is dying on shore. The poetess lost a son in France and wears the mother's sorrow cross. In "Poppies" she put the brave face on her ever present grief, that we are too prone to take for granted from the mothers of the men who died for the Empire.

A little old lady who lives in Kingston had a very great pleasure recently, when she not only heard a great singer, whom she had given his first music lessons, but met him when he was looking for a song. He composed a song for him, which he took away with him, and some night you will hear Edward Johnston sing it on the radio. So does laught the only tenor who is said to be worthy successor to Caruso, is something to be proud of. The lady's name is Mrs. Brownell, who under her maiden name, Flora MacLean, has written verses published in Canadian magazines.

This is the time to begin the hot school lunch and many Women's Institutes are serving it in the country schools, or arranging for the children and teacher to do so. Some Institutes see that there is a way of heating the soup the scholars bring and in other schools hot cocoa is provided. The doctors say that a cold lunch is not good in our severe climate.

Here is an excellent dish that is also a way of using up cold ham. One cup of stewed tomatoes, strained, 1 dessertspoonful of minced onion and two of minced green sweet pepper, ½ cup of chopped cooked ham, teaspoonful of salt and pepper mixed. Fry onions and peppers until golden brown in the butter and add the flour. Mix smoothly and add the tomatoes and lastly the ham. Spread on hot buttered toast, cut in squares.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Another of our popular young men joined the benedicts on Saturday evening, when Mr. Ross Allson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison, and Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Parks, Hay Bay, were united in marriage. After a motor trip to the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Allison will reside in Adolphustown.

The benefit euchre and dance, under the auspices of the Women's Institute on Friday evening was quite successful, a nice sum being realized.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall attended the services at Hayburn on Sunday last and enjoyed the excellent sermons delivered by Rev. H. P. L. Seymour.

Miss G. Roblin, teacher in S. S. No. 4, held a frolic for the pupils on Monday evening last.

YARKER.

Accidents here are but few in number. We hear of slight car collisions and of a cow being struck, but nothing serious here.

Rev. Mr. Merriam took charge of the services here on Sunday last in the United church.

Farmers report that grain crops have yielded well. Potatoes are short in yield here.

Hunters are preparing for their annual deer hunt. They state the season was long enough without the extension of time.

Cyrus Edgar has returned from his western trip. He took in the Conservative convention at Winnipeg.

Hattie Awrey is visiting with friends in Toronto.

Quite a few from here attended the rugby game at Kingston on Saturday last.

Word was received here of the death of Mr. Tice Cassidy at Vancouver, B.C. His fall from a ladder proved fatal. Mr. Cassidy was one time a resident of Yarker. This makes five former Yarkerites who have been killed since leaving here.

Mr. F. McNeil has moved back to Deseronto.

Mr. Frink has moved back to his farm. Mr. Barr goes to W. Lamm's farm.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson have returned from Watertown, N.Y.

Mr. James Freeman has installed an electric light plant.

QUEENS COURT LADIES.

Post of Lady-in-Waiting One of the Oldest Offices Held In History.

The establishment of Maids of Honor to attend on the Queen, writes Arthur Mail of Honor in the London Mail, is generally attributed to a French Queen, Anne of Brittany, wife of Charles VIII., in the latter part of the fifteenth century. She had in her household several girls of high rank in whom she took a special interest. It is also said, however, that Margaret of Austria in 1484 had maidens about her in a similar capacity.

Royal dual days girls of noble family were, like youths of high rank, sent to attend upon the sovereign to complete their education and to be instructed in good manner and deportment. Therefore the post of Lady-in-Waiting is one of the oldest offices held in history.

Perhaps the most romantic figures were the maidens attendant upon Mary Queen of Scots. These ladies all had the same name as the Queen and were chosen for their beauty. It is said they took a vow that none would marry until her sovereign chose a consort to share the throne of Scotland, and each kept her vow. Queen Elizabeth was always supposed to be very angry when her Maids left her for marriage.

The ladies of the Court to-day consist of Mistress of the Robes, Ladies of the Bedchamber, Women of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honor. Queen Mary has four Ladies of the Bedchamber, four extra Ladies of the Bedchamber, six Women of the Bedchamber, and one Maid of Honor. Four of the Women of the Bedchamber act as private secretaries to the Queen.

A knowledge of languages is naturally essential to Ladies-in-Waiting, for they frequently have to assist in entertaining members of the suites of distinguished foreign visitors to the Court.

When the Court is at Windsor the Ladies-in-Waiting lodge at the castle, but in London they are required to stay in Buckingham Palace.

Queen Victoria gave to her Maids of Honor a miniature of herself surrounded by diamonds. This was worn on a red ribbon of the same shade as that of the Order of the Bath.

To her Ladies-in-Waiting, Queen Alexandra gave a Danish cross in diamonds on a ribbon of the Danish colors, red and white. She used to send her miniature set in diamonds to her Maids of Honor in little white satin boxes, accompanied by a card bearing the name of the recipient written in her own handwriting. Ladies-in-Waiting to her Majesty wear a diamond "M," this being the gift of the Queen.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH CELEBRATES 55TH ANNIVERSARY

On Sunday last Grace church fittingly celebrated its 55th Anniversary with two services in the morning and evening. Professor Walter T. Brown, Ph.D., of Victoria College, Toronto, was the preacher for the day. In the morning his sermon was based upon Revelation XXI, 22, and entitled "A City Without a Church." The idea stressed was the ministering conception of the church, as opposed to the mere supremacy of the church revealed in temporal power. The church is a visible expression of the needs of the human soul, rather than an arbitrary power over life. In the evening Dr. Brown's subject was "A Modern Problem and an Ancient Illustration." This was the subject upon the story of Esau selling his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage. The modern problem is, shall we obey our instincts, momentary though they be, unchecked by judgment and restraint that comes from a larger view of life. Dr. Brown showed that such a theory of life which says "what I want, I must have," is a false one, for it denies other factors and instincts just as valid as it is. The congregation generally appreciated his well-thought-provoking and ably presented sermons.

The music for the services was provided by the choir, assisted by Mr. Lawrence DeFoe, of Toronto, tenor soloist. Mr. DeFoe's solos were unanimously commended by all. He has exceptionally clear enunciation, and fine interpretative ability. The choir sustained their reputation for inspiring music.

At the evening service the congregational singing was fine. St. Andrew's and Trinity churches followed the custom which prevails in our town of withdrawing their services and joining with the other church for the anniversary occasion. The ministers assisted in the conduct of the worship.

Grace church has recently renovated its Sunday School quarters at an expense of approximately $3000. The congregation was envassed for this amount immediately previous to the anniversary services and all returns are made it is fully expected the sum will be provided for.

TOWNS FAMOUS IN FICTION

People Flock to See Valley Where Lorna Doone Loved — Visit Many Other Places.

Many thousands of visitors during the summer took the motor-coach to Doone Valley, in Devon, where Blackmore made the scene of the beautiful and romantic love story of John Ridd and Lorna Doone.

They go to the church where John was nearly made a widower a few minutes after he had become a husband, go into raptures over the rocky stream where Lorna and John first met, and gaze with horrified interest at the traditional spot where the great fight took place between these two gigantic men, John Ridd and Carver Doone.

Kirrtemuir is another example of what a writer can do for a quite undistinguished place. As Barrie's "Thrums" it is famous throughout the English-speaking world. Rochester also has many claims to distinction beside the fact that Mr. Pickwick and his club-mates stayed there. Facing the guildhall is the Bull, the very inn where the famous travellers stayed.

All good Pickwickians, too, go to Osbaen, five miles from the city, to view the Leather Bottle, the "clean and commodious alehouse" to which Mr. Tupman retired. Eastgate House in Rochester is the "Nun's House" of "Edwin Drood."

Thomas Hardy has made Dorchester and the surrounding hamlet world-famous, and summer visitors come from all parts to gaze on the traditional scenes of his novels. He himself lives at Max Gate, a house on the edge of the town. Stinsford is the "Mellstock" of "Under the Greenwood Tree," the novel which first won fame for its author.

But most interesting of all is the nearby village of Fordingham, imperishably associated with "Tess." Here lived Vicar Clare's family, of whom the original was actually the father of Dr. Moule, late Bishop of Durham.

Even such dull places as the "Five Towns" of the Potteries have gathered a new and romantic interest through the novels of Arnold Bennett, and the quiet unromantic town of Nuneaton is visited every year by admirers of the novels of George Eliot, who used the village round about as settings for her fiction.

There is a room at the Royal Hotel, Sidcford, much visited by summer tourists because Charles Kingsley used it when writing his great romance, "Westward Ho!" It cannot be said that Kingsley made Bideford, because it was a famous port in Elizabethan days, but he revived interest in the old town and made it a place of pilgrimage. His statue stands on the waterside.

Edinburgh owes much to Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," whilst it may be asserted that the novelist and poet brought the Trossachs to the notice of English people, who go there in their thousands. They go to see "Ellen's Isle," at the head of Loch Katrine, which the poet quite fictitiously used for the romantic setting of his masterpiece, "The Lady of the Lake."

Similarly, Kirkmichael and Sully Glen, in the Isle of Man, though pretty places in themselves, have been rendered doubly famous by Sir Hall Caine in "The Manxman" and "The Deemster."

DAUGHTERS OF EMPIRE

BASED ON ALL THAT IS NOBLEST IN THE WORLD.

To-day This Order Has 700 Chapters, and Is Gaining Strength—Is Building Future of Canada — Do Not Seek Publicity.

The Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, says the Toronto Globe, is one endorsed and approved by the King, and based upon all that is best and noblest in the world. It came into being in 1900, its foundress and inspiration being the late Mrs. Clark Murray of Montreal, who during the Boer War conceived the idea of a great Empire organization of women. Visiting in England at that time, Mrs. Murray detected the British women's urge to serve, realised the need of organization and finally achieved the formation of an order which now exists not only in Canada but in the Bahamas, Bermuda, India, Newfoundland and among the British people of the United States.

In this country the order has gone on from strength to strength under the able leadership of Mrs. Edith Ogilvie Nordheimer, its first National president, and her successors in office, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. John Bruce, Miss Joan Arnold, Mrs. F. E. Doolittle, and Miss H. M. Church, who has carried on graciously and efficiently for the past three years. It has approximately 700 chapters throughout the Dominion, and beneath its standard 30,000 women are enrolled.

The motto of the order is: "One Flag, One Throne, One Empire," and children of the Empire round the Throne and person of their gracious and beloved sovereign supply and foster a bond of union among the daughters and children of the Empire; to provide an efficient organization by which prompt and united action may be taken by the women and children of the Empire when special occasion may be desired; to promote in the Motherland and the colonies the study of the history of the Empire; to celebrate patriotic anniversaries; to cherish the memory of brave and heroic deeds and tend the last resting-places of heroes and heroines; to care for widows and orphans and dependents of British sailors and soldiers during war, in time of peace or under sickness, accident or reverses of fortune." Its members are pledged to "forward every good work for the betterment of their country and people; to assist the progress of art and literature; to due women's influence to the bettering of all things connected with the Empire; and to instil into the young their country patriotism in the fullest sense."

The badge worn is symbolic of the Imperial idea upon which the order is based. In the centre is a white star, representing the seven great divisions of the Empire and typifying purity and high aims. Within each star is a Union Jack; around the whole is a band, symbol of the Empire bond, and surmounting all is a crown, representing majesty, and typifying loyalty to the King.

The raising of $5,580,000 during the years 1914-18 suggests a colossal wartime program for the I.O.D.E. in Canada, and records show that during hostilities the order endowed and equipped 1,000 cots in military hospitals. It also maintained nurses at the front, and enormous quantities of comforts to soldiers, and presented to the Government such valuable gifts as ambulances, motor trucks, machine guns, automobiles and field kitchens.

In the developing of a patriotic peace-time program, the order has ever had the child in mind, and no departments of its work are more potent than those that have to do with educational and child welfare. Empire Day, now recognized as an important factor in child welfare, was inaugurated in 1897 by Mrs. Clements, a Toronto member of the order of the Empire; and "Rose Day," observed every June, brings into the coffers of the organization thousands of dollars to be devoted to remedial work among children.

The secondary education of soldiers' children is a favorite interest of many primary chapters, and is a work quite apart from the War Memorial. Frequently boys and girls are "adopted" by chapters, the members of which hold themselves responsible for their high school training, and learning is further propagated by these small groups in the gifts of libraries to schools in remote places, of flags, of lanterns and glides, of banners, of prizes for essays on specific subjects and school occupations, and of calendars carrying with them a message of loyalty to the Empire.

To enumerate the helpful contributions made by the I.O.D.E. to every country it has come to be like counting the sands of the sea. It stands ready to endow Preventoria for children exposed to tuberculosis, hospitals for the sick, homes for mental defectives, playgrounds for the family, however, to tell their own story, and thousands of men, women and children could narrate cheering tales of how Christmas cheer, of which the order makes, how their rents were paid, their hospital bills defrayed or their problems of unemployment solved through the assistance of this ever-resourceful members of this great order.

The Daughters of the Empire have not sought for themselves publicity or praise for what they have done on behalf of their own beloved country. They have found their greatest satisfaction in service, and take comfort in the thought so splendidly expressed by one of Britain's statesmen: "This order can never die so long as the British Empire lives, and we believe the Empire to be imperishable."

SELBY.

A number from here attended the anniversary services at Empey Hill on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Anderson and daughter, Mrs. H. Windover, are visiting friends in Detroit, Mich.

The many friends of Mrs. C. Lowry, of Napanee, were very sorry to hear of her sudden death.

B. Asselstine has rented Mrs. Richland's house and N. McMillan has rented A. Wood's house.

The many friends here of Mrs. J. McLeod are glad to hear she is improving at the General Hospital, Kingston.

DESERONTO.

Miss McMann of the High School staff spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Courtney Robertson, of Kingston, spent the week-end with his uncle, Mrs. Robert Miller.

Mesdames Miller and Dalton spent Saturday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Weiss spent Friday in Kingston.

Mrs. Dryden and Miss Dryden spent Friday in Kingston.

Mrs. Ross Smith, of Chatham, is the guest of her father, Mr. Robert Bowen.

A big crowd attended the pictures of Jack Dempsey-Dempsey fight and "The Wizard of Oz," at Naylor's Theatre Saturday night.

Mrs. Jack Young has gone to Thorold to spend the winter.

Mrs. L. M. Booth has gone to Toronto to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Greig.

Mr. William Wilson was in Toronto last week.

Leo Howard has been transferred from the Midland office of the C.N.R. Express Co. to Deseronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kysar, of Watertown, N.Y., were guests of Mr and Mrs. William Wilson this week.

The following men leave this week to attend Court of Beg Echo: Messrs. Leo Davis, W. J. Bowen, William Whitton, William Dowling, E. H. Pickard, William Cronk and Frank Whitton.

Mr. Clarke, the new manager of the Standard Bank, has arrived in town to take up his duties.

Mr. Allen, former manager of the Standard Bank, has left for North Bay, where he will reside in future.

The pupils of the High School held a masquerade party in the assembly room of the school. The prize for the best costume was awarded to Marjorie Randell. After the programme, dancing followed.

Mr. M. B. Rixen returned from Aultsville on Monday.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

RUDDY CANADIAN APPLES FOR OVERSEAS.

"What shall I send the folks in the Old Country"? is a query heard as the Christmas season approaches, but if the average Canadian realized how much our big, juicy, red apples are appreciated and enjoyed by people overseas, the problem would be immediately solved.

Canada's luscious rosy apples are relished by young and old alike. They symbolize our brilliant sunshine and warm summer days and they do look Christmassy and appetizing. Mackintosh Reds and Baldwins are the best and the most popular to carry your kind thoughts and good wishes across the sea and standard boxes and barrels of choice hand picked and hand packed fruit, Government inspected, can be procurable at reasonable prices from any grocer, while the matter of shipment is as simple as the mailing of a card.

The Canadian National Express will call for your apples, transport and deliver them by quick service to any station in Great Britain, Ireland and most European countries.

The transportation charge from Montreal and Quebec up to November 15th or from St. John and Halifax up to 30th, by direct steamer to points in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands, is $3.50 per standard box and $6.20 per standard barrel, including refrigeration.

For rates to Canadian ports, through rates to Continental stations and other particulars, consult any Canadian National Express Agent.

COMING :-: EVENTS

W. C. T. U. JUMMAGE SALE IN Town Hall Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11th and 12th.

BARGAINS GALORE—Be sure and read MacGregor's Big Sale adv. on page five of this issue.

FOWL SUPPER AND ENTERtainment at Sand Hill United Church on Friday, Nov. 4th. Supper served at 7 p.m. Entertainment at 8 p.m. A splendid programme will be presented. 47-2p

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

QUEEN OF SHEBA REBEKAH Lodge, No. 254, are giving an "At Home" in the Oddfellow's Temple, formerly the Harshaw block, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2nd, at 8.30 p.m. Cards and dancing. Fee 50c.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Japan's Post Office.

More Post Offices are needed in Japan. For each 6,700 persons in the country there is only one Post Office. England and Germany have one to 2,000 persons. The Communications Department is considering plans for the increase in the number of offices and an appropriation is to be included in next year's budget for the opening of 8,000 more Post Offices over a period extending ten years. At the end of ten years each village throughout Japan will have a Post Office all to itself.

Life Span of Ants.

The average life span of ants is from eight to ten years, although some specimens in captivity have reached the age of fifteen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

AMOS PLEADS FOR JUSTICE

Sunday, Nov. 6,—Amos 5 and 7.

Golden Text—Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. (Amos 5 : 24.)

The lesson title tells us that "Amos Pleads for Justice," but he was pleading for far more than justice. That was but an incident in his message to Israel. He was pleading with God's people to return to the Lord. Here was the heart of his message : "For thus said the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye Me, and ye shall live." Any man, any nation, that turns away from God is bound to live unjustly in one way or another. Israel's grinding injustice to the poor was but one of many expressions of her sin. It was an outstanding, dominant sin, even as it is in the practice of many nations today.

In the days of Israel's prosperity, under the reign of Jeroboam II, "an able but idolatrous King who brought his kingdom to the zenith of its power," Amos made his terrific arraignment. Israel's sin was the greater, because her privilege had been greater than that of any other nation since the world began. The prophet reminded her of the word of the Lord, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth : therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities" (Amos 3 : 2). The more God has done for us, the greater is our obligation. Failure in the face of light is the greatest failure ; and this was Israel's sin, as it is the sin of much of the Christian Church today. God had revealed Himself to Israel as to no other nation, "because that unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Rom. 3 : 2). As God's chosen people, honored by God and entrusted with His revelations for all the world, Israel's sin was a flagrant dishonoring of God. She was rejecting her sacred stewardship ; she was trampling his name under foot. Is it strange that He must deal with such sin by startling punishments ?

But God always gives full and fair warning. "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," declared the inspired prophet. "Seek He break out like fire in the house of Joseph, and devour it, and there be none to quench it."

It is incredible that men would dare to sin against God—yet we have all done it. Amos set forth scription of God, given to him by the Holy Spirit, should call a halt to any one tempted to sin. Here is the sobering warning and unique situation : "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night : that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth : The Lord is His name." It reminds one of that statement about God made by Paul : "God, who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were" (Rom. 4 : 17). How can we hope to sin safely against a God like that ? God was very patient and long-sufferin gwith Israel, as He is with us ; but His day of reckoning must come with those who persist in sin.

Over and over again in this lesson God pleads with Israel to seek Him in order that she may live. Does this mean it is not possible to live without God ? Just the reverse. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6 : 23). Sin separates men from God ; and separation from God is death ; true life s possible only in fellowship and communion with Him.

Because of this, and because of God's necessary judgment upon sin, it follows that the presence of the Lord is a terrible thing for the unrepentant sinner. Perhaps some of Israel's false religious leaders had been boasting that they were God's people, and that in the day of the Lord everyone would save this. To all such, to Israel as a nation, and to the whole worl dtoday comes the warning and prophecy of the prophet : "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord ! to what end is it for you ? the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light."

The Bible, both Old Testament and New, has a great deal to say about that epochal time in human history, yet to come, which is called "the day of the Lord." It will be a wonderful, glorious, and blessed time for those who have committed themselves to the Lord in full faith and surrender. It will be a tragic time for those who have rebelled against Him. The Scofield Reference Bible has an illuminating footnote on Revelation 19 : 19, summarizing the teachings of Scripture on this great era.

"The day of Jehovah (called also 'that day,' and 'the great day' is that lengthened period of time beginning with the return of the Lord n glory, and ending with the purgation of the heavens and the earth by fire preparatory to the new heavens and the new earth Isa. 65 : 17-19 ; 66 : 22 ; II. Pet. 3 :13 ; Rev. 21 : 1). The order of events appears to be : (1) The return of the Lord in glory (Matt. 24 :29, 30) ; (2) the destruction of the Beast and his host, "the Kings of the earth and their armies," and the false prophet, which is the great and terrible aspect of the day (Rev. 19 : 11-21), (3) the judgment of the nations (Zech. 14 : 1-19 ; Matt. 25 : 31-46) ; (4) the thousand years, i.e., the kingdom-age (Rev. 20 : 4-6) ; (5) the Satanic revolt and its end (Rev. 20 : 7-10) ; (6) the second resurrection and final judgment (Rev. 20 : 11-15) ; and (7) "the day of God," that part purged by fire (II. Pet. 3 : 10-13)."

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

542

SAVING THE ELDER DUCK

Measures Taken to Protect These Birds During Nesting Season—Good Results Are Reported.

From the elder duck, as most people know, are obtained down and feathers that, because of their lightness and quality as non-conductors of cold and heat, are highly valued as materials for use in the manufacture of bed coverings and garments for human inhabitants of countries with cold winter climates. For this reason, principally, the elder duck was hunted for years and, it is asserted, the species was threatened with extinction insofar as North America was concerned, says the Toronto Globe.

Measures that Canada has taken to protect the birds in Labrador during their nesting season are now reported to be having good results. For those measures, Arthur Newton Pack of the American Nature Association recently returned thanks on behalf of that organization in a letter to Hon. Vincent Massey, the Canadian Minister at Washington. In his letter, Mr. Pack gave a brief account of the conservation operations under which great numbers of the adult birds were killed and through which great numbers of their young perished.

"Elder ducks on the great breeding grounds in Labrador were nearing extinction because of constant collection of eggs and killing of adult birds for their feathers and down," he wrote. "Before 1870, vessels were fitted out in New England for this purpose. When there were young in the nests, the old birds were moulting their flight quills and were unable to fly. Men surrounded them, drove them together and killed them with clubs, leaving the helpless young to perish. All this for feathers alone, for the birds had no food value. For a number of years this went on until the birds were so reduced as to make feather hunting unprofitable. During this time and ever since, eggers, fishermen and settlers have destroyed both birds and eggs until the vast elder nurseries are a mere memory and we are importing our elder down from the more human people of the old world. In Norway and Iceland, where these birds are protected they become almost as tame as domestic fowls, nesting places are made in the turf or among stones, and some of the ducks even nest on the sod roofs of houses. The mother bird plucks the down from her breast and felts it into a mattress which only lines the nest but extends up so that she can cover the eggs when leaving the nest."

Mr. Pack quoted a telegram that he had received from Wolf Bay, Quebec, from Howard H. Cleaves, a member of the Nature Association. "Elder ducks nurseries along Canadian Labrador coast due to excellent protection by the Government," said the message. "We have seen more than two thousand breeding birds in ten days' cruising. Hundreds of them in each of four sanctuaries sighted to date. From one hill top I saw 375. Nesting birds flew up on all sides. Despite lingering snow banks and passing icebergs some eiders have hatched. This fine bird is making wonderful recovery from shadow of extinction, and with good weather there will be a large increase this year."

Most people will agree with Mr. Pack that this is "good news," and will feel that this valuable bird should not be allowed to vanish, like the passenger pigeon, from its North American habitats if protective measures can save it.

Clerical Wit.

When Bishop Stubbs, the historian, was translated from Chester to Oxford, he was received with open arms by many old and attached friends. At a luncheon at Christ Church, during which many congratulatory speeches were made, which somewhat tired his modest spirit, the bishop was walking with one of his archdeacons, and suddenly propounded this riddle: "Why am I like Homer?" The archdeacon was not good at riddles, and "gave it up." "Because," replied the bishop with a heavy sigh, "I have suffered so grevlously from translation."

STOP THIEF LOCK YOUR CAR!

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Tades, Chicago, Ill.)

You may sit next to an automobile thief in the subway, trolly or ferry boat. Or, one of the questioned these men as to why they persisted in following such a calling ; their answers were practically all the same : "It's such easy money." The average owner of an automobile does not employ a chaffeur ; the car, therefore, must be left unguarded most of the time. This is the thief's great opportunity—the unlocked car. A man drives up to a cigar store, runs in for a package of cigarettes ; he leaves his car running for the moment, and, even though he may have been in the store but a few seconds, upon emerging he finds his car gone.

I am now paying fifty dollars for the same theft insurance that but a few years ago cost me ten dollars.

How, then, is the average human being to protect his car from the ever increasing auto thief ? Regardless of the ignition lock which is on the car when purchased, every car owner should have some form of auxiliary lock put upon his or her car. Car locking devices are many and varied. I believe in some form of steering-wheel locking device this prevents the steering-post from being turned in any direction ; should some one start the engine the car could be propelled in but one direction, and also a device that locks the transmission.

The records show that a car equipped with any form of auxiliary lock is seldom stolen, compared with the unprotected car. In other words, so many thousands of cars stand about the streets of any great city, equipped with no form of lock save the ignition lock, and are "easy money" that the thief usually does not take any other cars.

To my mind, each car should have a title, the same as a piece of ground. A person buying a second-hand car should demand a clear title. There should be plenty of private marks on your car to assist in identification if it be stolen, and recovered. There should be a greater interstate care when the cars are licensed. Thieves alter cars very quickly. A small touring car stolen at twelve o'clock noon is dismantled; and at two o'clock the same day the wheels are on a commercial body going to the West Indies, while the engine and top are on another chassis bound for the Maine Woods. The theft of automobiles is a serious thing which we should give everything in our power to stop. We can help by always locking the car if left vacant even for a moment.

CROYDON'S MAGIC TOWER.

Perfection of Wireless Telephony In Its Application to Flight.

The other afternoon I climbed a ladder into a little room at the top of a wooden tower and passed from the world of to-day into the world of to-morrow, writes Harry Harper in a London paper.

Perched above London's great air station at Croyden, that lofty chamber, with its maps, wireless instruments and levers, is the forerunner of giant structures with intricate, almost human apparatus that will control air traffic which, rushing above oceans and continents, will span eventually the entire world.

On one side of you, up in that tower at Croydon, sits an operator with head-phones to his ears. On the other is the traffic controller, who every now and then moves little flags across the surface of a map.

It is our newest wonder of science, this, and its secret is the perfection of wireless telephony in its application to flight. From that tower words flash into the void and are heard by the airman poised somewhere high above the Channel. Not only does he hear them, but he himself talks freely to the far-off tower.

Most fascinating of all is to be up there as the fades and night comes on. The controller leans over and moves a switch. Instantly there leaps to life, far out across the drome, the dash of an electric house. He speaks into a telephone and a vivid glare of reddish light shoots through the gathering gloom. This is the night guide and log beacon which pilots can see from miles away.

Another lever moves, and out on the surface of the drome glow lights which guide an airman to his actual contact with the ground. And then, stealing down from out of the upper darkness, comes one of the big planes of Imperial Airways, its navigation and cabin lights gleaming. People talk of supernatural. Well, what can one say of those wizards up there in their tower doing things much to ordinary folk seem the veriest magic?

Sealing-Wax Signs.

All romantically-inclined lovers believe in the "language of flowers," and many messages are conveyed by the angle and position of a stamp on a letter or postcard.

Paris, however, has gone a step farther and evolved a language of sealing-wax. Different colors stand for different messages.

Anyone receiving a letter with grey sealing-wax can be certain that the note is from a friend, for grey is the accepted color of simple friendship. White sealing-wax indicates an announcement of marriage; red, a business letter; while green is the hue of hope, although a pale green conveys a reproach.

Messages of condolence need a violet wax, and for invitations to dinner a chestnut color is correct. Light red is reserved for happy lovers and yellow for those whose affections are not reciprocated. Constancy is denoted by sky blue.

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Find it best for cleanliness
Don't call the plumber when the sink gets clogged. A little Gillett's Lye will probably clear it in a few minutes. Scour the sink and around the sanitary hose.
GILLETT'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE

HUNTING WILD PIG

"Pigsticking" Is One of the Popular Sports of India—Has Element of Danger.

One of the popular masculine sports of India is wild pig hunting, or as it is commonly called "pigsticking."

Like the foxes of Great Britain, wild pigs must be hunted and disposed of otherwise their numbers would quickly constitute a farce. Hunting methods vary according to the character of the country, writes Col. A. O'Brien in an article in the Times of India.

If in England the country is not suitable for hounds or the packs do not destroy enough, foxes are apt to die by gun or poison. Similarly near the Indus where jungles, quicksands, and slimy creeks prohibit the pursuit of pig with the spear, other methods must be devised for their slaughter.

Such methods are fascinating enough, because the thickness of the jungles necessitates the assemblage of the whole countryside on foot, on horse or diminutive pony, on camel, with dogs, drums, guns and nets. The best season for such sport is from January to March, when the reeds have been cut down to some extent for thatching and the jungles made passable by the grazing of many buffaloes and other cattle. A glorious Punjab winter day will bring out squire and squireen sporting abbot and parish priest, farmers, tenants and casual laborers, and men of several outcaste tribes of three different religions, and even believing in the rudiments of two at a time.

The start is a late one, so that the pigs have got back to their lastnesses, and the people have had time to assemble from many miles away with their morning meal inside them. The mob makes for one end of a jungle which may be a mile or more in length, and the gentry with guns find places at the other, where there is a break of some kind between that jungle and the next. For some, collapsible stands are carried along and erected so that the sportsman has a good view from above, but many squat behind a bush or weave the reeds together to form a little shelter.

In the rear of the guns the aboriginal tribesmen will station out long nets in front of which they squat, ready to fall with wild yells on some beast who becomes entangled. When all have got into position, the signal is given and the beat begins. With shouts the line crashes through the thickets, cheered by the sounds of drummers, who for the greater manufacture of noise are mounted on little tats. If the wind is suitable, the jungle is burnt behind the beaters to discourage the pig from breaking back.

At the other end expectation is stirred by the explosion of the bomb which marks the commencement of the beat, but the distance is great and the beaters can only struggle along slowly. After a time the tension relaxes, and one is startled to find that something has shown itself on the edge of the jungle and withdrew again before it was really noticed. It was but a jackal, but it has served its turn, and the senses are alert for other beasts to follow.

Sometimes a solitary boar, sometimes an old sow with a sounder, may come to the edge of the wood and make a dash across the glade. Guns speak, and the netters tackle some of the brutes who get across the glade.

Towards the end the sport has elements of danger, because some of the beaters emerge into the open just as others are hustling some beast which has been reluctant to break cover. However, there is a providence which looks after such affairs and all goes well. Three such beats in the day are amply sufficient, for it is heavy work to battle with the thickets of reeds, tamarisks and dwarf poplars, and if there has been reasonable luck, all go home well content to have ridded the country of many pestilential beasts.

Safety In the Air.

The risk of a crash in an airplane stops many people from making greater use of the passenger air services. Although this risk is actually small, it would be comforting to know that even if the engine fell off, or the wings collapsed, there would be no danger.

A new invention may make this possible. It is an improved plan to attach to the airplane a large parachute that would let the whole machine descend slowly should an accident occur.

The parachute would be fixed to the cabin containing passengers and pilots, and the mechanical parts of the plane would be detashable. In the event of the engine or petrol tanks catching fire, the cabin is dropped off, leaving the cabin to descend in safety.

A Wonderful Telescope.

With the largest telescope in the world, on Mt. Wilson, California, man looks trillions of miles into space. He is able to see stars separated from him by the distance light could travel in 72,000 years, on the basis that in one year light travels 5,800,000,000,000 miles.

THE BRIDE'S BLOSSOM.

Orange Tree an Emblem of Fruitfulness and Sincerity.

When Spain was at the height of her power, a Moorish chieftain, wishing to curry favor with the Spanish monarch, sent him with all pomp and ceremony an orange tree as an emblem of fruitfulness and sincerity.

The French Ambassador at the Spanish Court, an astute nobleman, hearing of these wonderful trees and how quickly fruit grew on them, desired to possess one. He discovered that, unknown to her father, the daughter of the royal gardener was a pretty, dark girl—was deeply in love with a young man, who, however, was comparatively poor, so that they could not marry.

The French noble, fearing that an attempt to bribe the gardener might be unsuccessful, approached the daughter, telling her that if she could obtain a small plant for him he would give her a large sum of money. The girl assented, and when the plant was handed to the ambassador he paid her so liberally that the lovers were able to marry and have a farm for themselves. On the marriage morn the happy bride entwined orange blossoms in her hair in remembrance of her good fortune.

The Frenchman sent the plant to his estate in the South of France. In due course he was able to present a tree to the King of France, and a little later one was introduced into the royal garden of England.

When the story of the Spanish girl came to be known, the flowers began to be used as bridal wreaths and decorations, but for a long time they were so expensive that only the wealthy could indulge in this pretty ornamentation.

A FAIRY TALE ANIMAL.

The Armadillo's Chief Virtue Is In Snake-Killing.

A character who might have stepped straight from the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" is Pluto II., who lives in the small mammal house at the London Zoo.

A peculiar-looking animal the general shape of a giant-sized dormouse, he has the scaly appearance of a tortoise and the fat pink legs of a young pig. His technical name is armadillo, and his chief virtues lies in rubbish-eating and snake-killing.

Encased from nose to tail in thick skin scales, each about half an inch wide, and finished at both ends with razor-edged claws, the armadillo is almost impregnable to outward violence. Tap Pluto II. quite hard on the back with a walking-stick and he takes no notice, but insert it gently underneath him, and he has a little neck, and he will roll over like a cat and almost purr with pleasure.

His ways with snakes, however, are somewhat different. A snake facing Pluto has about as much chance as a hypnotized rabbit. The snake will coil its sinuous body besides him, rear its head, and look at him. Quite calmly Pluto gazes back, his head half withdrawn beneath his shell.

The snake smacks his lips and rears to strike. Instantly Pluto's demeanour changes. His neck shoots out, his fat legs crouch, and he springs on to the snake's back. Once there, he bends his body till he is lying almost double over the snake. Then he applies the pressure of his razor-edged claws until the snake is cut in two.

The Early Saxon Way.

In early Saxon marriages the father of the bride delivered a pair of her shoes to the bridegroom, who touched her head with it as a symbol of his authority.

Sailed a Million Miles.

The Cunard liner Aquitania has now steamed a million miles and crossed the Atlantic 200 times.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
Best for Baby Best for You

Clock With One Hand.

Most visitors to the Isle of Man go to see Rushen Castle, Castletown, the ancient seat of the Kings and Lords of Man.

Although first mention of this castle is found as far back as 1267, it is still not a ruin; in fact, until a few years ago it was used as a prison.

The town clock in the castle wall has only an hour hand on the dial. The minutes are judged by the position of this hand between the hours On the end of the pendulum is a large stone, and the clock is driven by a rope coiled round a wooden cylinder, with another stone at the end of the rope. It has been going for 376 years.

Modish Miss Africa.

Short skirts and pink silk stockings are as popular among many African brides as they are with us, while brick houses are replacing the native mud huts in many districts.

Most Roundabout River.

The Jordan has been accounted the most crooked stream in the world. But it cannot compare with White River, Arkansas, which travels 1,000 miles in traversing a distance of thirty miles.

Pearls From Herring Scales.

Artificial pearls are being manufactured from herring scales, some of the pearls are realizing over $250 each.

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A New High Gold Record.

A new high record of $15,824,821 in gold production of the province during the first half year is shown in the report just out, the increase over the similar period of last year being a quarter of a million. During the same half year the total production of all minerals in Ontario was $45,103,223, as against $42,584,402 for the same half year of 1926.

Paper Mill for Toronto.

An official statement issued by the Toronto Harbor Commission states that the Canadian Paperboard Company of Montreal, has concluded negotiations for the purchase of a block of land on the lake front, with the intention of erecting a large paper mill for the manufacture of paperboard.

Being Struck by Lightning.

The risk of being struck by lightning is five times greater in the country than in cities, and twenty times greater at sea than in a railway carriage.

Animals That Never Drink.

Some gazelles of the Far East and Hamas of Patagonia never feel the pangs of thirst: they are so constituted that drink is unnecessary to them.

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 61

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The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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My Lady Romance has many attendants. Mainly they are clad in hauberk and helm, or they carry rapiers at their sides and swear strange oaths. But sometimes we encounter in the pages of a novel a genuine knight in modern broadcloth or in tweed, who speaks the language of our own day and may be met on Broadway or State street. Such is Philip Kirkwood, artist painter, whose adventures in pursuit of the mysterious black bag and whose heroic deeds in the service of his beautiful ladylove are worth the staying up late o' nights to read. To descend to the idiom of the day, "The Black Bag" is "the real thing" in the story line, thrilling, mysterious – but not too mysterious – and most interesting.

CHAPTER I.

UPON a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace 1903 the apprehensions of Philip Kirkwood, Esq., painter, were enlivened by the discovery that he was occupying that singularly distressing social position which may be summed up succinctly in a phrase through long usage grown proverbial, "alone in London." Inevitably an extremist because of his youth (he had just turned twenty-five), he took no count of mitigating matters and would hotly have resented the suggestion that his case was anything but altogether deplorable and forlorn.

That he was not actually at the end of his resources went for nothing. He held the distinction a quibble, mockingly immaterial, like the stave of guineas in his pocket, too insignificant for mention when contrasted with his needs. And his base of supplies, the American city of his nativity, whence, and not without a glow of pride in his secret heart, he was wont to register at foreign hostelries, had been arbitrarily cut off from him by one of those accidents sardonically classified by insurance and express corporations as acts of God.

Now, to one who has lived all his days serenely in accord with the dictates of his own sweet will, taking no thought for the morrow, such a situation naturally seems both appalling and intolerable at the first blush. It must be confessed that, to begin with, Kirkwood drew a long and disconsolate face over his fix.

Then he resolutely shrugged it off and went in search of man's most faithful dumb friend—to wit, his pipe, the which, when found and filled, he lighted with a spill twisted from the envelope of a cable message.

"It's about time," he announced, watching the paper blacken and burn in the grate fire, "that I was doing something to prove my title to a living." And this was all his valedictory to a vanished competence. "Anyway, I'm a sight better off than those poor devils over there. I really have a great deal to be thankful for now that my attention's drawn to it."

For the ensuing few minutes he thought it all over, soberly, but with a stout heart, standing at a window of his bedroom in the Hotel Piess, hands deep in trousers pockets, pipe fuming voluminously, his gaze wandering out over a blurred infinitude of wet, shining roofs and sooty chimney pots.

There came a rapping at the door.

Kirkwood removed the pipe from between his teeth long enough to say "Come in!" pleasantly.

The knob was turned, and the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a diminutive figure in the livery of the Piess pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling. "Show him up, please," he said, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth a man stepped into the room.

"Mr. Brentwick!" Kirkwood almost shouted, jumping forward to seize his visitor's hand.

"My dear boy!" replied the latter, rising young portrait painter can contribute toward the rebuilding of a devastated city?"

"The painting can wait," reiterated Kirkwood. "I can work like other men."

"You can do yourself and your genius grave injustice, and I fear me you will, dear boy. It's in keeping with your heritage of American obstinacy. Now, if it were a question of money"—

"Mr. Brentwick," Kirkwood protested vehemently, "I've ample for my present needs," he added.

"Of course," conceded Brentwick, with a sigh. "I didn't really hope you would avail yourself of our friendship. Now, there's my home in Aspen Villas. You have seen it?"

"In your absence this afternoon your estimable butler, with commendable discretion, kept me without the doors," laughed the young man.

"It's a comfortable home. You would not consent to share it with me until"—

"You are more than good; but, honestly, I must sail tonight. I wanted only this chance to see you before I left. You'll dine with me, won't you?"

"If you would stay in London, Philip, we would dine together not once, but many times. As it is, I myself am booked for Munich, to be gone a week, on business. I have many affairs needing attention between now and the 9:10 train from Victoria. If you will be my guest at Aspen Villas"—

"Please!" begged Kirkwood, with a little laugh of pleasure because of his other's insistence. "I only wish I could. Another day"—

"Oh, you will make your million in a year and return scandalously independent. It's in your American blood." Frail white fingers tapped an arm of the chair as their owner stared gravely into the fire. "I confess I envy you," he observed.

"The opportunity to make a million in a year?" chuckled Kirkwood.

"No. I envy you your romance. You have youth, unconquerable youth, and the world before you. I must go."

He rose stiffly, as though suddenly made conscious of his age. The old eyes peered more than a trifle wistfully now into Kirkwood's. "You will not fail to call on me by cable, dear boy, if you need—anything? I ask it as a favor. I'm glad you wished to see me before going out of my life. One learns to value the friendship of youth, Philip. Goodby, and good luck attend you."

Alone once more, Kirkwood returned to his window. The disappointment he felt at being robbed of his anticipated pleasure in Brentwick's company at dinner colored his mood unpleasantly. His musings merged into vacuity, into a dull gray mist of hopelessness comparable only to the dismal skies then lowering over London town.

Brentwick was good, but Brentwick was mistaken. There was really nothing for Kirkwood to do but to go ahead. But one steamer trunk remained to be packed. The boat train would leave before midnight, the steamer with the morning tide. By the morrow's noon he would be upon the high seas within ten days in New York and among friends and then—

The problem of that afterward perplexed Kirkwood more than he cared to own. Brentwick had opened his eyes to the fact that he would be practically useless in San Francisco. He could not barbor the thought of going back only to become a charge upon Vanderlip. No; he was resolved that thenceforward he must rely upon himself, carve out his own destiny. But—would the art that he had cultivated with such assiduity yield him a livelihood if sincerely practiced with that end in view? Would the mental and physical equipment of a painter, heretofore dilettante, enable him to become self supporting?

There came a rapping at the door.

The knob was turned by a diminutive figure in the livery of the Piess pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling, if somewhat perplexed. Encouraged, the child advanced, proffering a silver card tray at the end of an unnaturally rigid forearm. Kirkwood took the card dubiously between thumb and forefinger and inspected it without prejudice.

"George B. Calendar,'" he read. "George B. Calendar? But I know no such person. Sure there's no mistake, young man?"

The close cropped, bullet shaped British head was agitated in vigorous negation, and "Card for Mr. Kirkwood!" was mumbled in dispassionate accents appropriate to a recitation by rote.

"Very well. But before you show him up ask this Mr. Calendar if he is quite sure he wants to see Philip Kirkwood."

"Yessir."

The child marched out, punctiliously closing the door. Kirkwood tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and puffed energetically, dismissing the interruption to his reverie as a matter of no consequence—an obvious mistake to be rectified by two words with this Mr. Calendar whom he did not know. At the knock he had almost hoped it might be Brentwick, returning with a changed mind about the bid to dinner.

He regretted Brentwick sincerely. Theirs was a curious sort of friendship, extraordinarily close in view of the meagerness of either's information about the other, to say nothing of the disparity between their ages. Concerning the elder man Kirkwood knew little more than that they had met on shipboard, "coming over;" that Brentwick had spent some years in America; that he was an Englishman by birth, a cosmopolitan by habit by profession a gentleman (employing that term in its most uncompromisingly British significance) and by inclination a collector of "articles of virtu and bigotry." In pursuit of which he made frequent excursions to the continent from his residence in a quaint, quiet street of Old Brompton. It had been during his not infrequent, but ordinarily abbreviated, sojourns in Paris that their steamer acquaintance had ripened into an affection almost filial on the one hand, almost paternal on the other.

There came a rapping at the door.

The knob was turned; the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a rather tall and handsome bellhop, clad in an expressionless gray lounge suit, with a brown "bowler" hat held tentatively in one hand, an umbrella weeping in the other. A voice, which was unctuous and insinuative, emanated from the figure.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded, with some effort recalling the name, so detached had been his thoughts since the disappearance of the page.

"Yes, Mr. Calendar?"

"Are you—ah—busy, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Are you, Mr. Calendar?"—Kirkwood's smile robbed the retort of any flavor of incivility.

Encouraged, the man entered, promising that he would detain his host but a moment and readily surrendering hat and umbrella. Kirkwood, putting the latter aside, invited his caller to the easy chair which Brentwick had occupied by the fireplace.

"I'll take the edge off the dampness," Kirkwood explained in deference to the other's look of pleased surprise at the cheerful bed of coals. "I'm afraid I could never get acclimated to life in a cold, damp room—or a damp, cold room—such as you Britisher, prefer."

"It is grateful," Mr. Calendar agreed, spreading plump and well cared for hands to the warmth. "But you are mistaken. I am as much an American as yourself."

"Yes?" Kirkwood looked the man over with more interest, less matter of course courtesy.

He proved not unprepossessing, this unclassifiable Mr. Calendar. He was dressed with some care, his complexion was good, and the fullness of his girth emphasized as it was by a notable lack of inches, bespoke a natural, full, easy going and sybaritic. His dark eyes, heavy lidded, were active, curiously at times with a subdued glitter, in a face large, round, pink, of which the other most remarkable features were a mustache, close trimmed, and showing streaks of gray; a chubby nose and duplicate chins. Mr. Calendar was, furthermore, possessed of a polished bald spot, girdled with a tonsure of silvered hair—circumstances which lent some factitious distinction to a personality otherwise commonplace.

His manner might be best described as uneasy, with assurance, as though he frequently found it necessary to make up for his unimpressive stature by assuming an unnatural habit of authority.

"So you knew I was an American, Mr. Calendar?" suggested Kirkwood.

"Saw your name on the register. We both hail from the same neck of the woods, you know."

"I didn't know it, and"—

"Yes; I'm from Frisco too."

"And I'm sorry."

Mr. Calendar passed five fat fingers nervously over his mustache, glanced slertly up at Kirkwood, as if momentarily inclined to question his tone, then again stared glumly into the fire, for Kirkwood had maintained an attitude purposefully colorless. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he believed that his caller was lying. The man's appearance, his mannerisms, his voice and enunciation, while they might have been American, seemed all un-Californian. To one born and bred in that state, as Kirkwood had been, her sons are unmistakably hall marked.

Now, no man lies without motive. This one chose to reaffirm, with a show of deep feeling: "Yes, I'm from Frisco too. We're companions in misfortune."

"I hope not altogether," said Kirkwood politely.

Mr. Calendar drew his own inferences from the response and mustered up a show of cheerfulness. "Then you're bot completely wiped out?"

"To the contrary, I was hoping you were less unhappy."

"Oh, then you are?"

Kirkwood lifted the cable message from the mantel. "I have just heard from my partner at home," he said, with a faint smile and quoted: "'Everything gone. No insurance.'"

Mr. Calendar pursed his plump lips, whistling inaudibly. "Too bad, too bad!" he murmured sympathetically. "We're all hard hit, more or less." He lapsed into dejected apathy, from which Kirkwood, growing at length impatient, found it necessary to rouse him.

"You wished to see me about something else, I'm sure."

Mr. Calendar started from his reverie. "Eh? I was dreaming. I beg pardon. It seems hard to realize, Mr. Kirkwood, that this awful catastrophe has overtaken our beloved metropolis."

The canting phrases wearied Kirkwood. Abruptly he cut in: "Would a sovereign help you out, Mr. Calendar? I don't mind telling you that's about the limit of my present resources."

"Pardon me." Mr. Calendar's moonlike countenance darkened. He assumed a transparent dignity. "You misconstrue my motive, sir."

"Then I'm sorry."

"I am not here to borrow. On the other hand, quite by accident I discovered your name upon the register downstairs, a good old Frisco name, if you will permit me to say so. I thought to myself that here was a chance to help a fellow countryman!" Calendar paused interrogatively. Kirkwood remained interested, but silent. "If a passage across would help you, I—I think it might be arranged," stammered Calendar, ill at ease.

"It might," admitted Kirkwood speculatively.

"I could fix it so that you could go over—first class, of course—and pay your way, so to speak, by rendering us, me and my partner, a trifling service."

"Ah!"

"In fact," continued Calendar, warming up to his theme, "there might be something more in it for you than the passage if—if you're the right man, the man I'm looking for."

"What, of course, is the question."

"Eh?" Calendar pulled up suddenly in a full winged flight of enthusiasm.

Kirkwood eyed him steadily. "I said that it is a question, Mr. Calendar, whether or not I am the man you're looking for. Between you and me and the firedogs, I don't believe I am. Now, if you wish to name your quid pro quo, this trifling service I'm to render in recognition of your benevolence, you may."

"Ye-es," slowly. But the speaker delayed his reply until he had surveyed his host from head to foot with a glance both critical and appreciative.

He saw a man in height rather less than the stock size six feet so much in demand by the manufacturers of modern heroes of fiction—a man a bit round shouldered, too, but otherwise sturdily built, self contained, well groomed.

Kirkwood wears a boy's honest face. No one has ever called him handsome. A few prejudiced persons have decided that he has an interesting countenance. The propounders of this verdict have been, for the most part, feminine. Kirkwood himself has been heard to declare that his features do not fit. In its essence the statement is true, for there is a very real, if undefinable, engaging quality in their very irregularity. His eyes are brown, pleasant, set wide apart, straightforward of expression.

"Everything gone. No insurance."

1817—1927

THE Bank of Montreal, on November 3rd, completed the 110th year of its existence.

Opening its first office in Montreal 50 years prior to the Confederation of Canada, the Diamond Jubilee of which was celebrated by the Dominion this year, it has steadily expanded into every part of British North America.

Today it has over 600 Branches located throughout Canada and Newfoundland, with its own offices in Great Britain, France, the United States and Mexico, and offers unexcelled facilities in all departments of domestic and foreign banking.

Head Office, Montreal

"I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity."

Now, it appeared that, whatever his motive, Mr. Calendar had acted upon impulse in sending his card up to Kirkwood. At all events—this Calendar proved not lacking in penetration. Men of his stamp are commonly endowed with that quality to an eminent degree. Not slow to reckon the caliber of the man before him, the leaven of intuition began to work in his adipose intelligence. He owned himself baffled.

"Thanks," he concluded pensively; "I reckon you're right. You won't do, after all. I've wasted your time—mine too."

"Don't mention it."

Calendar got heavily out of his chair, reaching for his hat and overcoat. "Permit me to apologize for an unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Kirkwood."

He faltered. A worried and calculating look shadowed his small eyes. "I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity"—

"Certain or questionable?" propounded Kirkwood blandly, opening the door.

Pointedly Mr. Calendar ignored the imputation. "Sorry I disturbed you, Gladfarmeon, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Goodby, Mr. Calendar." A smile twitched the corners of Kirkwood's too wide mouth.

Calendar stepped hastily out into the hall Kirkwood closed the door and the incident simultaneously with a smart bang of finality. Laughing quietly, he went back to the window, with its dreary outlook, now the drearier for lengthening evening shadows.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway. An adventurer, of course. The woods are full of 'em. A queer fish, even of his kind. And with a trick up his sleeve as queer and fishy as himself, no doubt."

CHAPTER II.

THE assumption was not unwarrantable that Mr Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr Kirkwood inquestionably Mr Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way, Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat train would leave St. Pancras at 11:30, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat adventurer and at 4 o'clock or thereabouts let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light raincoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane, the drizzle having ceased.

A stolid British lift carried him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the

(Continued on page 6).

Use Crisco for deep frying and avoid unpleasant smoke and odor.

—for homes that want the best in cooking

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

PA'S SON
NOW DON'T TALK NO MORE ABOUT TH' SAP'S BUM VAUDEVILLE ACT TO ME! NOT ONE KOPECK O' MY COIN GOES INTO IT! HE DON'T KNOW NO MORE ABOUT WRITIN' OR PRODUCIN' AN ACT THAN I KNOW ABOUT COOKIN' CHOP SUEY!
Pa's Son-in-Law
—IN—LAW
TOO MUCH
G-RACIOUS! WHAT CAN HAVE GOT INTO PA? I'VE NOT BEEN AGES SINCE HE'S DARED TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
IT'S HIS DIET, MOTHAW! HE'S BEEN EATING TOO MUCH MEAT!
RAW MEAT —
I'VE BEEN READING UP A BIT ON DIETETICS AND I FIND THAT PERSONS WHO EAT RAW MEAT TO EXCESS ARE APT TO BE QUITE IRRITABLE AND WHOLLY UNTRACTABLE!
Y-YOU DON'T SAY!
LINGTON
I REALLY BELIEVE THAT UNLESS HE'S PUT ON A RIGID DIET OF FRUIT NUTS AND VEGETABLES, HE WILL SOON BECOME ENTIRELY UNMANAGEABLE!
Gilmallington

See our Splendid Line of

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Circulating Heaters

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
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Radio !

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Dance at Marlbank.

Another of those enjoyable dances will be held at the new Community Hall, Marlbank, on Friday evening, Nov. 4th. First and second prizes will be given for the best step dancing; also for the best waltzing. Stevens' orchestra will furnish the music.

Stupendous Offerngs.

From Oct. 31st to Nov. 5th, is going to be the biggest week in the history of the Dominion Stores. This week we are opening our 500th store, and to celebrate the occasion, we offer you values in groceries that will startle you. Stock up for the winter, and save some money. You know the market prices and know what you have been paying. Here are a few of our Specials :

Pure Cane Sugar, 48 lbs. for	$2.19
cwt., 15 lbs.	99c.
Fresh Creamery Butter. (Braeside Brand)	38c. lb.
Smoked Picnic Hams	18c. lb.
Smoked Bacon by the piece	25c. lb.
Mayfield Breakfast Bacon sliced	29c. lb.
P. & G. Soap, 10 cakes	39c.
Cohoe Red Salmon, 1 lb. tin	31c.
Aylmer and Bayside Peas and Corn, 2 for	23c.
40 oz. jar Raspberry Jam	37c.
40 oz. jar Strawberry or Black Currant Jam	47c.
Ginger Snaps	1 lb.

Help your manager, Mr. J. A. Marshall win one of the big prizes we are offering this week.

The Late Robert English.

There passed away at his home on the 5th concession of Richmond, on October 18th, an old and highly respected resident in the person of Robert English, in the 84th year, after an illness of a year's duration. The late Mr. English had lived his entire life on the farm where he died. Very early in life he became closely associated with his Master and lived and died faithful to his convictions. In the year 1872 he was married to Emily Redmond, daughter of the late John and Eliza Richmond, who with their family of three daughters survive. The daughters are Mrs. George Dupre, Mrs. Fred Kimmerly, Mrs. Roy McMath, all of Empey Hill. The funeral, which was largely attended, was held from his late residence on Thursday at 10 o'clock, to Empey Hill United Church, where an impressive service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Batstone, taking his text from Philippians 1 : 21, "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain." The bearers were Messrs. George Dupre, Fred Kimmerly, Roy McMath, Earl Kimmerly, Robert Tucker and William Ritchie. The remains were laid to rest in Riverview cemetery.

FOR SALE

Oysters

FRESH from Baltimore

—Haddies, Fillets,
—B. C. Salmon.
Also
—California Grapes,
—South African Oranges,
—Florida Grapefruits.

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'Phone 430—We are as near to you as your 'phone.

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WHITE ROTARY SEWING MACHINES

Light running and noiseless. Also other makes.

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From $10.00 to $50.00, and small accessories and Music Goods.

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Students may start at any time.

Write for O.B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

40-1

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Peter Boyce of Toronto.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon by the minister, "To the Man Who Doesn't Come Through."

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Notice.

Monday, November 7th, being Thanksgiving Day, our store will be closed all day.

BOYLE & SON.

Cheese Board.

1015 boxes of cheese, 870 colored and 145 boxes white, were offered on the Board on Saturday. All were sold at 18 11/16c. per pound.

Rummage Sale.

The W.C.T.U. will hold their Rummage Sale in the Town Hall, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11th and 12th. Anyone having something to dispose of and not called on by the canvassers, please leave on the door-step first day.

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of this society will be held in the usual place on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at 2.30 p.m. The feature of the afternoon will be an address, "Canadian Women of Note." Roll Call—Favourite Canadian Authors.

Correction.

In our account of Trinity Church concert in last issue, we regret that the following was left out : Mrs. Valkman and Mr. Caldwell sang with fine interpretative ability and were most spontaneously received, whilst Miss Hawley and Miss Baughan in a cleverly executed pianoforte duett, and Mrs. Smith as soprano soloist, received the well-merited appreciation of the audience.

Pleasing Presentation.

A very pleasing and interesting event took place in the Sunday school room of Trinity Church on Friday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills were presented with a number of beautiful pieces of flat silverware, the organizations represented being the congregation, the Young People's Union, Sunday School and choir. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. H. Pawson, and fully one hundred people were present to do honor to the newly-wedded couple, the presentation being a complete surprise to them. Mr. Fred LaSalle, president of the choir, made the presentation, the addresses being read by the Misses Olive McMillan and Marie Paul. Both bride and groom very fittingly responded when they expressed their deep appreciation for the kindly words and beautiful gifts which had been presented to them. During the course of the evening a brief musical programme was given, a number of short addresses made, which were interspersed with games and contests, light refreshments being served at the close. Mrs. Mills has been a very efficient worker in the many departments of the church's work, particularly the choir and Sunday School.

The Rotary Frolic.

The Napanee Rotary Club staged their first public function on Monday evening with a Hallowe'en frolic in the Armouries. The building was fitted up with booths so that entertainment might be provided for a large crowd. Early in the evening the building was crowded to capacity and all of the booths were doing a roaring business. For several hours the fun was kept up. The drawing for the various prizes was an interesting event, resulting as follows : The Bedroom Suite, won by Mr. Carl Carter, Belleville ; the Fireplace Heater, D. B. Hall, Napanee ; the Coal and Wood Stove by Mr. Blake Sills, Stirlville ; the Moffat Electric Range by Mr. B. M. Black, Napanee ; the Coxwell chair by Miss Beatrice Jones, Belleville ; the ton of coal by Mrs. Jack Adams, Napanee, and the Plow by Mr. Austin Langdon, Lyndhurst, Ont. The winner of the Coxwell chair, Miss Jones, of Belleville, had written on her ticket that in case it was the lucky number, the chair was to be put up at auction, and after some spirited bidding the chair was sold for $29.00. The Tickets were placed in locked ballot boxes, which were shook up and the winners drawn by Dr. P. Huyck, President of the Kingston Rotary Club. The Napanee Rotary Club is a strong one in membership, but what they lack in numbers they make up in enthusiasm, and each and every member of the club was on the job right early, clad in weird and wonderful costumes suitable for the occasion, and their efforts will produce a large amount of money to be used for the benefit of the crippled children of the community. A large number of the Kingston Rotarians assisted the Napanee club in putting on the frolic. A parade of school children in Hallowe'en costume took place from the Market Square before the opening at the Armouries, prizes being given for the best costumes. Cooper's orchestra, Picton, supplied music during the evening and for the concluding dance.

Mrs. Jack Adams, who won the ton of coal at the rotary frolic has generously donated the coal for the relief of some needy family during the winter.

Hard and Soft Wood.

Call 92. Napanee Fuel and Supply Co. 45

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church : Annual Fowl Supper Nov. 4th, 8 p.m. ; Anniversary service Nov. 6th, 10.30 a.m.

Bay Bay Church ; Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church—Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Municipal Tangle.

Deseronto's municipal tangle was advanced another step on Monday night when, at a nomination meeting held in the town hall and but poorly attended, six men were nominated to fill three vacancies in the council, caused by the resignation of members over difficulties in civic government. The six men nominated last night were Milton Hunt, Marvin Rathbun, C. C. Thompson, Cecil Argue, Robert Miller and Harry Hill. Of this number only one, Milton Hunt, was present at the meeting, but he declared in no uncertain manner that he was going to stand even if it forced an election.

Favor Horsey for Senator.

The name of H. H. Horsey is prominently mentioned as a probable selection for the senatorial vacancy caused by the death of Senator Mulholland of Port Hope. Senator Mulholland was the only representative from Central Ontario in the Senate and in filling the vacancy the claims of this district should not be overlooked. Mr. Horsey has strong claims for the position. He unsuccessfully contested the Prince Edward Riding in the Liberal interests three times. He has headed the Eastern Ontario Liberal Association and has been a consistent active party worker at all times. In addition he has many personal qualities which fit him for the position. Prince Edward has never had a Senator and the people of Prince Edward, irrespective of political affiliations will welcome Mr. Horsey's appointment.

Women's Institutes Meet in Kingston.

The first annual convention sub-division three, of the Women's Institutes of Eastern Ontario, is meeting Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 1st and 2nd, in the Eastern Dairy School, Kingston. The convention committee is as follows : Chairman, Mrs. A. W. Sirell ; secretary, Mrs. A. W. McNaughton, Sydenham ; Mrs. J. E. Maybee, Odessa ; Mrs. Charles Abbott, Kingston ; Mrs. Fred Hamm Bath ; Mrs. (Dr.) Young, Sealy Bay ; Mrs. F. W. Breese, Lyndhurst. The chairmen of the standing committees are : Education, Mrs. James Laughland, Napanee ; Health, Mrs. Ernest Wright R.N., Violet ; Agriculture, Mrs. R. G. Leggett, Newboro ; Home Economics, Mrs. W. G. McNaughton, Sydenham ; Community Activities, Mrs. E. Eaton, Athens ; Relief, Mrs. A. Hoffman, Moscow ; Legislature, Mrs. F. W. Acheson, Elgin ; Immigration, Mrs. C. F. Yates, Athens ; Historical Research, Miss M. McGuigan, Elgin ; Canadian Industries, Mrs. William Fretts, Napanee ; Publicity, Mrs. A. P. Young, Bath.

A Lively Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Frontenac-Lennox Conservative Association, held on Friday last in Odessa Town Hall, the members were not all of one mind on several matters and some lively tilts resulted. The chair was occupied by President Dr. C. M. Stratton, Napanee, who moved the regret of the riding at the death of Anthony Rankin, former member for Frontenac. A resolution expressing complete satisfaction and support for Hon. R. B. Bennett, the newly elected leader of the conservative party, was accepted without discussion. A resolution to hold the next meeting in Napanee started a warm discussion and provoked charges that Napanee would, in that case, override the convention, and the resolution was dropped. The matter of a representative to handle the patronage of the riding started a lively row, in which Mr. J. M. Simpson, Napanee, Mr. C. W. Hambly and Mrs. J. S. Tibbitt, third vice-president, took leading parts and personalities were freely indulged in. A ballot on the matter placed the patronage in the hands of Mr. C. W. Hambly by a considerable majority. The following officers were elected :

On the motion of Capt. A. S. Hughson, of Napanee, the complete slate of elected officers as it has existed since the organization of the association was re-elected for the ensuing year as follows :

Hon. President—Hon. G. Howard Ferguson.

President, D. C. M. Stratton, of Napanee ; vice-president, Matthew Shannon, R. R. No. 2, Kingston ; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Joseph Yeomans, of Napanee ; 3rd vice-president, Mrs. J. S. Sibbitt, R. R. No. 1, Kingston ; secretary-treasurer, Wilrid Wilson, of Napanee ; assistant secretary, Erastus Purdy, Cataraqui

About two hundred persons were present in the hall during the meeting, a very fair proportion being women.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship. Rev. Peter Boyce, D.D., of Toronto, will preach.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON'S STORIES.

Uncle Eph's Advice to the Big Baboon at the Circus.

When the late "Uncle Joe" Cannon, for many years speaker of the U. S. Congress, was a small boy, living on the Wabash, he was taken to his first circus by an old negro named Ephraim. And this is what happened —as told by the speaker to his secretary, L. White Busbey, and re-told by the latter in "Uncle Joe Cannon: The Reminiscences of a Pioneer American." Ephraim worked for Uncle Joe's father, and it was likewise his first visit to a circus.

"We looked at the elephant and the camels and the lions and tigers!" —"Uncle Joe" is telling the story— "and they were all wonderful to me and also to Uncle Eph, but what held our attention longest was the big baboon, who stood up in his cage, manlike, bigger than I was. Uncle Eph was greatly impressed with the animal that bore a resemblance to the human, and we stood a long while in front of the cage.

"Uncle Eph was always respectful and sociable with everybody he met. When we stopped in front of the baboon's cage he took off his old hat and, with a nod of his head, said:

"'How is you?'

"The baboon stood holding to the bars of his cage and staring at us. Uncle Eph repeated this question, and getting no response he looked the animal over for a moment and said:

"'That's right; you keep your mouth shut or they'll have you out in the field hoeing corn like me,' and we went away to continue our round of the cages."

Here's another of Uncle Joe's stories:

An old circuit rider of Illinois loved hunting game as well as souls and he could not always forget his sport when engaged in the divine calling. One morning as he proceeded to the camp meeting he saw signs of a fox and set a trap where he could keep his eye on it during the sermon. While preaching he saw the trap fall. Without changing the sing-song of his delivery, he said: "Brethren, keep your mind on the text while I go out and kill that fox."

OLD LADY NICOTINE.

Cigarette Smokers Pay for Upkeep of United States Army.

Old Lady Nicotine, arch foe of the reformers, has acquitted herself of one serious charge: she is no parasite—she pays her way, laying huge tribute regularly at the shrine of the war god, Mars.

For, according to the latest published figures of the Treasury Department at Washington, the total taxes paid this year to the Government by the cigarette smokers of the land will be the total cost of maintaining the standing army for twelve months.

Statistics just made public show that in the month of June of this year already past smokers of cigarettes of the nation have made Uncle Sam a present of $227,000,000. The amount required to keep the army going for a year is $270,000,000, which figure the smokers of cigarettes will attain within the next two months, it is estimated.

Other interesting facts revealed by Uncle Sam's blinkers show that cigarette smoking, whether the reformers approve of it or not, is very much on the increase, so much so, in fact, that the government will get about $20,000,000 more from this year's crop than from any previous year. Whether or not an increasing fondness on the part of the feminine populace for cigarettes is to blame for this increase it is not possible to determine.

On the other hand, cigar and pipe smoking appears to be on the decline, for the total tax on all forms of tobacco collected for the first ten months of this year amounts to but $307,000,000 or just a million more than the corresponding period a year ago, despite the greatly augmented income from cigarette smokers.

Glass Made by Lightning.

Following a severe thunderstorm near Hainholz, two scientists came across a remarkably fine specimen of a "lightning tube," which they were able to extricate complete.

When lightning goes to earth in soil containing quartz sand, the quartz is melted, and a tube of glass-like substance is formed known as fulgerite. These tubes are generally about an inch wide and about 12 inches in depth, standing in a perpendicular position.

As quartz melts at a very high temperature, some idea of the temperature of a streak of lightning may be gained.

The tubes are of considerable scientific value for the study of the thermetic, dynamic, and chemical action of lightning. It is possible to excavate them almost immediately after formation. The Mecklenburg Geological Museum at Rostock possesses several specimens.

Attempts have been made to reproduce the phenomenon artificially by sending a strong electric spark through quartz sand, but so far the natural formation and solidity of the tubes produced by lightning has not been imitated in the laboratory.

Clock Will Need No Oiling.

Making a clock that has no steel parts and needs no oiling is now possible through a new alloy perfected by an English inventor.

The Word "Nag."

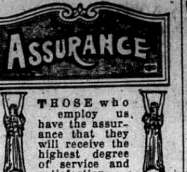
"Nag," the word used by us to describe a horse or a fault-finding woman, means to the natives of parts of India a snake god.

A Cigarette Machine.

Turning out cigarettes at the rate of 2,000 a minute, a new machine recently exhibited in London is all British.

The Starfish.

All the underside of a starfish is endowed with the sense of smell.



ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us, have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FURNITURE EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

Province Building Has Lasting Roof.

More than eight tons of copper was used on the outside of the Ontario Government Building at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. The rustproof metal has been applied to roofing, domes, cornices and flashings and downspouts. In addition the "golden star" which is conspicuous at the top of the building is made of 2-inch piping sheathed with copper.

Record for Egg Production.

A barred Plymouth Rock hen, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, has made a new record for egg production." This new champion has a total of 339 eggs in 365 days, not only a new record for barred Plymouth Rocks but, as far as is known, a new record for all heavy breeds of poultry. The bird was bred and raised by the poultry department of the university.

Grading of Fruit.

One year from date of publication in the Canada Gazette new regulations requiring the inspection and grading of fruit for exportation come into effect. They will require that all fresh fruit must be inspected and an export inspection certificate issued showing the grade before leaving the country.

WASHES, CARRIES COAL, WOMAN GAINS 18 POUNDS

"I wash, iron and carry coal and don't get tired since taking Vinol. Also, I have gained 18 pounds."—Mrs. S. Cortese.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

WITH THE

Musical Eckardts

Wonderland

One Night

Tues., Nov. 8

ANY SEAT, 55c. CHILDREN, 25c

Tax included.

FOWL - SUPPER

At Grace United Church

MONDAY, NOV. 14th

6 TO 8 P.M.

(Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid)

After the Supper a Programme will be provided by our own Napanee Talent which has been accorded such a fine reception in many other places this season. Orchestra, Quartette, Duet, Solo, and elocutionary numbers will be furnished.

ALL THIS FOR ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Paul Hurst, veteran western movie actor, has the chief comedy role in "THE RED RAIDERS," new Ken Maynard thriller.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"THE LAST TRAIL," new Fox films version of Zane Grey's dramatic story of the West, with Tom Mix in the starring role.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY ONLY

One of the most interesting personalities in Warner Bros.' production of "THE BETTER 'OLE," starring Syd Chaplin, is Jack Ackroyd who plays Old Bill's sorrowful-faced "buddy," Alf.

And a special comedy.

TUESDAY ONLY.

The musical Eckardts, Swiss Bell Ringers in all their latest hits. One show only at 8 o'clock. Adults 50c. and tax ; Children 25c.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays

THE

Doreen Sisters

Tap Dancers

If Everybody Did It !

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail ! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned ? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result ? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how few progressive many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Specials for Thanksgiving

Women's Gloves

Secure These! It Means a Big Saving for You

Excellent Quality Seamless Knitted Wool Gloves

3 BIG DAYS

NOV. 3 THU.
NOV. 4 FRI.
NOV. 5 SAT.

SALE ENDS SATURDAY

Tea Kettles

See These, Compare the Quality

A Good Aluminum Tea Kettle With Panelled Design

XB433—Five-quart size, panel design aluminum kettle with self-locking handle and ebonized wood grip, strongly welded spout. Usually sold at $1.75. Get yours early. During 3 big days, each **1.19**

Divided in 3 lots for early shoppers on Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

More Special Values for You at the Store

JB431—Women's Fine Knitted Seamless Gloves, with tight knitted wide ribbed wrist, or with fancy colored cuffs. These come in a Camel shade only. In all women's good sizes. Splendid value at 65c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS only, per pair..... **39C.**

Come to This Big Event It Will Pay You

Rayon Muffler

WITH FRINGED ENDS

Just when you want them, and at a Big Saving Price

FB442—A splendid Silky Rayon Scarf, 10 inches wide and 48 inches long, including fringe. A well knit Scarf in a splendid variety of patterns and colorings such as Sand and Blues, Black and Whites, Grey and Fancys, White and Fancys, etc. Big values if sold at $1.35. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each.... **89C.**

Mixing Bowls

A handy five-piece Glass Kitchen Set at a greatly Reduced Price for You

KB438—This splendid assortment contains five hygenic clear glass bowls in sizes varying in capacity from one-half pint to four pints.

Each set is carefully packed. Regular 95c. value.

While they last.

DURING THREE BIG DAYS, Per Set of Five Pieces..... **69C.**

Leather Mitts

A Big Saving for You on these Absolutely Reliable Work Mitts for Men

FB441—Made with heavy horse-hide face (stamped Genuine Horse-hide) with split horse-hide back, solid seams throughout, and well sewn. Heavy wool lining with tight lining wool ribbed cuffs. Usually sold at $1.00 a pair. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair..... **69C.**

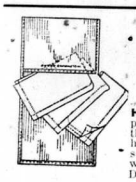
Rubber Aprons

VERY GOOD COLORS

The Quality is High if the Price is Low.

GB436—This Apron is made from splendid quality durable rubber. Cut full to cover whole front of dress. Daintily bound on edges with contrasting colored checked gingham. Colors Honey Dew, Rose, Green, Blue, etc. Worth regularly 40c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **23C.**

Handkerchiefs in Tobacco Pouch



Save Half Now and Put Away for Christmas Present

HB428—The tobacco pouch is made of transparent oiled silk with long flap, and contains three men's good lawn handkerchiefs with hemstitched edges. Get them now for yourself and friends. The handkerchiefs alone are worth our special price.

DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per set..... **49C.**

Attractive Combination for the Bedroom

Very Attractive Krinkled Bedspread

AB427—A good quality Krinkled Bedspread, 80 x 105 inches, with fancy colored stripings scalloped whipped edges. Shown in colors of Rose, Blue and Gold. Worth regularly $3.25. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, bedspread, each..... **2.19**

Three-piece Window Curtain Set

AB427½—Three-piece Bungalow Curtain Set to match spread, with scalloped edges. Side drapes 18 x 84 inches, top drape 14 x 40 inches, two tie-backs to match. Reg. $1.80 value. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, three-piece Bungalow Curtains, per set..... **1.29**

NOTE—One Spread and one set of Curtains at about what you would regularly pay for the spread alone. Per set..... **3.48**

Special! Heavy Pure Wool Work Socks

Extra Weight and Quality at What You Will Recognize as a Low Price

FB439—Men's heavy all-wool winter Sox, light grey and white mixtures. Heavy 5/1 rib with fine ribbed elastic top. Must really be seen to be appreciated. Big value is offered at 50c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair..... **39C.**

Reliable Bloomer Elastic

Secure Your Share at This Big Saving Price

GB435—Highly mercerized ¾-inch elastic. Has long easy stretch and lots of life. All new stock just in the store. Guaranteed washable, in either white or black. Regular 5c. value. DURING THREE BIG DAYS **10 YARDS**..... **25C.**

Our Special Big Soap Value

Four Ounces of High Quality Soap at Half Price

GB437—Beauty Bath Soap. The same big 4-ounce cake, delicately perfumed in Rose and Lilac. Get your usual monthly supply. Regular 10c. cake. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **5C.**

Not more than five cakes to a customer.

A Real Demonstration of Our Millinery Values

Newest Hats in this Remarkable Assortment for Misses' Women and Matrons

Quantity Buying scores again.

This really attractive offering is the result of one of Canada's leading millinery manufacturers turning over to us his factory range at less than cost.

This wonderful assortment contains styles for older MISSES, WOMEN, and MATRONS, in all fashionable autumn colorings, as well as black.

New York's latest models and up-to-the minute styles. You should see these Hats in the store to really appreciate them.

Come early and make your selection.

This wonderful array of Hats usually priced at $2.95, $3.95 and $4.95.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, NOV. 3rd, 4th, 5th HATS ALL AT ONE PRICE - 1.98

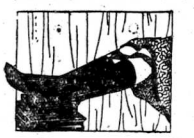
Satins and Velvets and metallic combinations, etc., in all the season's new designs.

NEW GOODS and NEW STYLES

DURING THREE BIG DAYS, our price for any hat in this range each..... **1.98**

Men's Pure Wool Botany Socks

A Splendid, Fine Knit Sock at a price away below ordinary



FB440—A better quality of all-wool Botany Sock, in early winter weight, 7/2 rib with fine knit top.

These come in Fawn Heather and Thistle Heather mixtures in sizes 10, 10½ and 11.

These socks usually sell at 85c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS per pair..... **49C.**

White Flannelette Gowns

MB433—Short sleeved style with round, V and square cut necks, trimmed with lace and contrasting colored flannelette. Women's full size. Big value at 90c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS each..... **69C.**

MB434—Long sleeved, high and V neck style with fine tucking on yoke. Splendid $1.00 value. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **79C.**

Children's Knitted Gloves Low Priced

A Very Unusual Price for Such Good Quality Gloves

JB430—This assortment contains Pure Wool Gloves of very fine knit, and brush wool styles with plain and fancy colored cuffs.

Gloves in colors of Camel, Grey, White, Red and Fancy Mixtures.

(Part of a manufacturer's clearing lot.) All good sizes for children and misses. Regular 50c. value. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair..... **29C.**

Children's Knitted Mitts

These Will be Needed Soon and the Price Should Cause You to Get a Winter's Supply

JB432—Made from strong fine quality yarn in fancy ribbed style with elastic knit "wind band" and long ribbed wrist. In colors of Camel, Grey, Cardinal, and Brown. Your choice of three sizes. Usually sold from 35c. to 50c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair..... **27C.**

MacGREGOR'S STORE

NAPANEE, ONT.

Pay Cash and Buy for Less. *Always Glad to Serve You*

Fancy Check Pure Linen Towelling

Absolutely Pure Linen, 22 inches wide

HB429—Absolutely pure linen, measuring 22 inches wide, in fancy one-inch checks.

Colors of Blue, Green, Gold, and Red.

Would be big value if sold at 40c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per yard..... **29C.**

BROADCASTING IN JAPAN.

Has Only Five Stations, But Is Up-to-Date.

Broadcasting in Japan is as up-to-date as here, although there are not as many stations in existence. Five stations in all are operating, three of these under the Japan Broadcasting Association Limited, one under the communications office in Kwantung and one independent. The Japan Broadcasting Association may be compared to the British Broadcasting Company and has somewhat similar plans. A number of other stations are planned by the association, as well as relay stations, and the present stations are to be raised from one kilowatt of power to ten kilowatts.

Crystal receivers are the most common, totalling 80 per cent. of the receivers in use. It seems that the use of these receivers is being encouraged, although vacuum tube sets of native and foreign manufacture can be procured. The radio industry in Japan is also of formidable proportions, doing much business with far eastern countries, as well as supplying the demand for the kingdom.

Besides the daily programs in the newspapers there are three radio dailies printed in Japan and ten monthly publications. The technical radio press includes some forty books, while there are about one hundred of a more popular nature on the market.

That Japan is not behind in the broadcasting of big events may be seen from the fact that when the late emperor was borne to the grave microphones were installed along the route of the procession to let listeners hear the varied sad notes of the hearse wheels, the funeral music and the footsteps of the marchers.

The heart beats of persons in peculiar state of health have been transmitted from the Imperial University at Kyoto. Radio communication with moving trains has been realized, as well as that with passenger airplanes which fly on scheduled routes.

Much interest is being shown in television, short-wave broadcasting, relay broadcasting and the development of crystal receivers by engineers in both governmental and civil positions.

For those who listen-in for long distance reception the Japanese stations are JOAK, Tokio; JOBK, Osaka; JOCK, Nagoya; JQAK, Dairen, and JODK, at Seoul. The wave lengths used are between 300 and 500 metres.

CLOTH FROM DOG-HAIR.

Few People Know Who Was Original Owner of Their New Suit.

It is not generally known that certain clothing material is made from dog-hair, says Answers. But it is not at all improbable that your new autumn suit once adorned the back of man's greatest friend.

One of the finest makes of tweed suits sold in Great Britain is made of the woolly hair of the bob-tailed sheepdog. It is claimed that there is no material which is at once so light and warm, and anybody who is so fortunate as to own dogs of this breed and saves the combings from their coats can easily procure sufficient hair or wool to weave into material for clothing.

London boasts of a concern which deals solely with this business. It sends out its representatives to those known to own woolly dogs, particularly of the sheepdog breed, and picks up the wool combings, paying a small monthly fee for them.

In Scotland the trade along these lines is exceedingly brisk, the thrifty householders carefully saving the dog-combings for the periodical visits of the collectors. Some Scottish families have taken to keeping several dogs so as to increase their income from this unusual but pleasant source.

This calls to mind that there is a kind of silk made from small tufts, known as the byssus, protruding from certain shellfish. But it takes 3,000 shells to give one pound of sea-silk. Perhaps that is why sea-silk is so expensive and is used only for making the daintiest of things, such as handkerchiefs, gloves, and the modern fashionable scarves.

Curious Lakes.

On the Mangishlak peninsula, in the Caspian Sea, there are five small lakes. One is covered by salt crystals strong enough to allow a man and horse to cross the lake on foot. Another is as round as any circle, and of a lovely rose color. Its banks of salt crystal form a setting, white as snow, to the water, which not only shows all the colors from violet to rosy red, but from it also rises a perfume as of violets. Both the perfume and the color are the result of the presence of seaweeds.

Eskimo Customs.

Among some Eskimo tribes bad temper is considered a sign of being possessed by a devil, lying is a crime punished by death, and marriage is compulsory.

FARMING IN ENGLAND

Produce of Soil Valued at No Less Than £225,000,000 In 1926—Apple Orchards Falling Off.

We hear dismal tales of ruin and bankruptcy among farmers, yet the latest Government report puts the value of the produce of English soil at no less than £225,000,000 for 1926. A substantial part of this money comes from eggs, of which English and Welsh poultry-growers are producing no fewer than 2,000,000,000 yearly, says an article in Answers.

Poultry-farming is looking up; but fruit-farming seems to be going the other way. In the past eighteen years the area of English orchards has fallen from nearly 77,000 acres to about 68,000, and we are told that the Eastern Counties are beginning to displace the West in the matter of fruit-growing. Devonshire has still 22,000 acres of fruit—mostly apples—but the trees have been so neglected that many have ceased to bear. Nearly half the Devon orchards no longer pay, and a local expert says that 20,000 trees would require to be planted every year for twenty years to put them in proper condition.

The best paying orchards are those near Evesham, where most of the plums are grown, but the trouble is that a good crop comes on an average only once in two years, and then ends in a glut, which knocks prices to nothing. The cherry orchards of Kent seem to be extremely valuable, for there the dealers buy the fruit on the trees. As much as £175 an acre has been paid for the crop of a cherry orchard near Faversham, but this, of course, is exceptional. It is interesting to notice that apples do best on red land. Red earth runs from Devonshire right up to Cumberland, and wherever you find red earth you find apples.

Pears yield the heaviest crop per acre—namely, twelve to sixteen tons. Apples give from six to fifteen, cherries two to four, strawberries two to four, gooseberries two to three tons.

Live stock becomes more and more the mainstay of the British farmers, who are now producing over 1,100,000 gallons of milk a year. Meat, poultry, eggs, milk, butter, cream, and wool bring in more than double the value of all the grain, fruit, and vegetable crops put together. British Friesian cows have been bred which yield over 3,000 gallons of milk in a year. One produced 2,887 gallons in 279 days.

Wheat and other grain crops are decreasing; the crop that is increasing most rapidly is sugar-beat. This is costly to grow, the labor necessary costing £7 to £8 per acre as compared with £2 10s. to £3 for wheat; yet, owing to the remission of the Excise Duty on home-grown sugar, it pays well.

Tobacco is also being grown in England, especially on sandy soil, which is too poor for any other crop. Growers have made a profit of £17 an acre on English-grown tobacco.

About 2,700 acres of England are under glass, and this comparatively small area is responsible for more than £3,500,000 of produce. The most important of the hothouse crops is the tomato, which realized more than £2,250,000 last year. Cucumbers come next, then roses, then chrysanthemums.

"Mum" culture is becoming a tremendous business, and the wholesale value of these flowers grown under glass in England is £200,000 a year. Yet it is said that this will be doubled shortly.

Vegetable Medicines.

Most vegetables and fruits have curative qualities. Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys, and onions, garlic, leeks, and shallots possess medicinal qualities which have a marked effect upon the circulatory system.

A raw onion eaten before going to bed is an excellent remedy for insomnia, whilst soup made from onions has a soothing and restorative effect upon weak digestive organs.

The lettuce and the cucumber cool the system. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers, and celery has such an admirable effect upon the nervous system that it has been known to cure neuralgia and is of great use in rheumatic cases.

Tomatoes are good for the liver. Figs, currants, cherries, and strawberries are cooling and purifying. Eaten first thing in the morning, an orange will cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else.

New Babies In England.

England's new babies in 1926 numbered less than in any year since the establishment of civil registration, with the exception of the last year of the war. England, with the exception of Sweden, has now the lowest rate in Europe. The birth rate for 1926, according to the Registrar-General's Statistical Review, was 17.8 per 1,000 population. The death-rate for 1926 was 11.6 per 1,000, equal to the lowest on record, that for 1923.

Named In Honor of Brown University Professor.

The distinction of having a Canadian mountain named after him is enjoyed by a Brown University professor and a renowned botanist of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, J. Franklin Collins. Mount Collins is a new name on the map of Eastern Canada. The 3,500-foot mountain, which has been so named by the Canadian Geological Survey in honor of the American botanist who first explored and mapped it in detail, is in the interior of the Gaspe peninsula, Province of Quebec.

Into this region Prof. Collins penetrated for the purpose of exploring botanically that unmapped area and also for the purpose of attempting to locate the long lost Mount Logan that has been something of a myth ever since Sir William Logan discovered it in 1844. The party made the most extensive botanical and geographical exploration of the Mount Logan region that has ever been made, and proved conclusively that Sir William's original description was "correct in every detail."

The name "Botanist's Dome" has been given to the highest point of land in Eastern Quebec because of the rains built by Prof. Collins for survey purposes on the highest point of Tabletop Mountain while exploring that region with Prof. M. L. Fernald of Harvard University.

Prof. Collins has been spending an occasional summer in Canada doing botanical exploration work, principally in the Gaspe Peninsula territory. He is an enthusiastic lover of the ruggedness of the Canadian mountain area.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

boat train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire, and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloakroom attendant ere entering the dining room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure. The earlier the better, he was determined to consume his last civilized meal (as he chose to consider it) at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebbing moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to its cloying dregs one ultimate draft of luxury.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu card. He had served in his time many an American millionaire; he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejoicing, his order complete.

To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals. It was the most favored restaurant in London, and despite the radiant costumes of the women its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a nearby table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, flattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost or had not yet found—the love of woman.

The sensation was curious, new, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly he ground its fire out in an ash tray.

The waiter set before him a silver tureen, covered.

He sat up and began to consume his soup, scarce doing it justice. His dream troubled him—his dream of the love of woman.

From a little distance his waiter regarded him with an air of disappointment. In the course of an hour and a half he awoke to discover his attendant in the act of peering very hot and black coffee from a bright silver pot into a demitasse of fragile porcelain. Kirkwood sipped a single lump of sugar into the cup, gave over his cigarette case to be filled, then leaned back, deliberately lighting a long and slender panetela as a preliminary to a last lingering appreciation of the scene of which he was a part.

He reviewed it through narrowed eyelids lazily, yet with some slight surprise, seeming to see it with new vision, with eyes from which scales of ignorance had dropped.

This long and brilliant dining hall, with its quiet perfection of proportion and appointment, had always gratified his love of the beautiful. Tonight it pleased him to an unusual degree, but it was the same as ever. Its walls, tinted a deep rose, with their hangings of dull cloth of gold; its lights discriminatingly clustered and discreetly shaded, reduplicated in half a hundred mirrors; its subdued shimmer of plate and glass, its soberly festive assemblage of circumspect men and women splendidly gowned, its decorously muted murmurs of voices blending and interwoven by the strains of a hidden string orchestra, caressed his senses as always, yet with a difference. Tonight he saw in a room populous with lovers, lovers delightfully paired, man unto woman attentive, woman of man regardful.

He had never understood this before. This much he had missed in life.

It seemed absurd to realize that one must forego it all forever.

Presently he found himself acutely self conscious. The sensation puzzled him, and without appearing to do so he traced it from effect to cause and found the cause in a woman—a girl, rather—seated at a table the third removed from him, near the farther wall of the room.

Too considerate and too embarrassed to return her scrutiny openly, look for look, he yet felt sure that, however temporarily, he was become the object of her intent interest.

Idly employed with his cigar, he sipped his coffee. In time aware that she had turned her attention elsewhere, he looked up.

At first he was conscious of an effect of disappointment. She was nobody that he knew, even by reputation. She was simply a young girl, barely out of her teens—if as old as that phrase would signify. He wondered what she had found in him to make her think him worth so long a study and looked again, more keenly curious.

With this second glance appreciation stirred the artistic side of his nature that was acutely prone impatient of his fretted mood. The slender and girlish figure, posed with such absolute lack of intrusion against a screen of rose and gilt, moved him to critical admiration. The tinted glow of shaded candles caught glistening on the spun gold of her fair hair enhanced the fine pallor of her young shoulders.

In the sheer youth of her she realized more than in aught else lay her chiefest charm. She could be little more than a child, indeed, if he were to judge her by the purity of her shadowed eyes and the absence of emotion in the calm and direct look which presently she turned upon him who sat wondering at the level, pencilled darkness of her brows.

At length, aware that she had surprised his interest, Kirkwood glanced aside coolly deliberate lest she should detect in his attitude anything more than impersonal approval.

A slow color burned his cheeks. In his temples there rose a curious pulsing.

After awhile she drew his gaze again imperiously, herself all unaware of the havoc she was wreaking on his temperament.

"Eighteen," he hazarded—"eighteen or possibly nineteen dining at the Piess in a ravishing dinner gown and unhappy? Oh, hardly not she!"

Yet the impression haunted him, and ere long he was fain to seek confirmation or denial of it in the manner of her escort.

The latter sat with back to Kirkwood, cutting a figure as negative as his snug evening clothes. One could surmise little from a fleshy thick neck, a round pinked bald spot, a fringe of grizzled hair and two bright red ears.

Calendar!

Somehow the fellow did suggest Kirkwood's caller of the afternoon. The young man could not have said precisely how, for he was unfamiliar with the aspect of that gentleman's back. None the less, the suggestion persisted.

By now a few of the guests, theater bound for the most part, were leaving. Here and there a table stood vacant that had been filled, cloth unrubbed, chairs disarranged, in another moment to be transformed into its pristine brilliance under the deft attentions of the servitors.

Down an aisle, past the table at which the girl was sitting, came two, making toward the lobby, the man, a slight and meager young personality, in the lead. Their party had attracted Kirkwood's notice as they entered—why, he did not remember, but it was in his mind that then they had been three. Instinctively he looked at the table they had left, one placed at some distance from the girl and hidden from her by an angle in the wall. It appeared that the third member had chosen to dally a few moments over his tobacco and a coffee. Idly Kirkwood could see him plainly lounging in his chair and fumbling the stem of a glass, a heavy man of somber habit, his black and sullen brows lowering and thoughtful above a face boldly handsome.

The woman of the trio was worthy of closer attention. Some paces in the wake of her indifferent escorts she was making a leisurely progress, trailing the skirts of a gown magnificent beyond dispute, half concealed though it was by the opera cloak whose soft folds draped her shoulders. Slowly carrying her head high, she approached, insolent eyes reviewing the room from beneath their heavy lids, a metal lic and mature type of dark beauty supremely self confident and self possessed.

Men turned involuntarily to look after her, not altogether in undiluted admiration.

In the act of passing behind the native Calendar she paused momentarily, bending as if to gather up her train. Presumably the action disturbed her balance. She swayed a little and in the effort to recover rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon the edge of the table. Simultaneously (Kirkwood could have sworn a sign escaped her lips, gave over his chair to be pitched for the ear of the hypothetical Calendar alone. Then she swept on, imperturbable, assured.

To the perplexed observer it was indistinctly apparent that the communication had passed from the woman to the man. Kirkwood saw the fat shoulders of the girl's companion stiffen suddenly as the woman's hand rested on his chair back. As she moved on a little rippling shiver was plainly visible in the muscles of his back beneath his coat, mute token of relaxing tension. An instant later one plump and knotted hand was placed where the woman's had been and was at once removed with fingers closed.

To the girl, watching her face covertly, Kirkwood turned for a clew to the incident. He made no doubt that she had observed the passage. Proof of that one found in her sudden stare (the pallor of indignation?) and in her face briefly alight with some movement able emotion, though quickly veiled by lowered lashes. Slowly enough she regained color and composure, while the man at the table sat motionless, head inclined, as if in thought.

Abruptly the man turned in his chair to summon a waiter and exposed his profile. Kirkwood was in nowise surprised to recognize Calendar—a badly frightened Calendar now, however, and hardly to be identified with the sleek, glib fellow who had interviewed Kirkwood in the afternoon. His flabby cheeks were ashen and trembling, and upon the back of his chair the fat white fingers were drumming with incessantly an inaudible tattoo of shattered nerves.

"Scared silly!" commented Kirkwood. "Why?"

Having spoken to his waiter, Calendar for some seconds raked the room with quick glances, as if seeking an acquaintance. Presumably disappointed, he swung back to face the girl, bending forward to speak to her again with accents low pitched and confidential. She on her part fell at once attentive, grave and responsive. Perhaps a dozen sentences passed between them. At the outset her brows contracted, and she shook her head in gentle dissent, whereupon Calendar's manner became more imperative. Gradually, unwillingly, she seemed to yield consent. Once she caught her breath sharply and, infected by her companion's agitation, sat back, color fading again in the round young cheeks.

Kirkwood's waiter put in an inopportune appearance with the bill. The young man paid it. When he looked up again Calendar had swung squarely about in his chair. His eye encountered Kirkwood's. He nodded pleasantly. Temporarily confused, Kirkwood returned the nod.

In a twinkling he had repeated. Calendar had left his chair and was wending his way through the tables toward Kirkwood's. Reaching it, he paused, offering the hand of genial fellowship. Kirkwood accepted it half heartedly (what else was he to do?), remarking at the same time that Calendar had recovered much of his composure. There was now a normal coloring in the heavily jowled countenance, with less glint of fear in the quick, dark eyes, and Calendar's hand, even if moist and cold, no longer trembled. Furthermore, it was immediately demonstrated that his impudence had not deserted him.

"Why, Kirkwood, my dear fellow!" he crowed, not so loudly as to attract attention, but in a tone assumed to divert suspicion, should he be overheard. "This is great luck, you know, to find you here."

"Is it?" returned Kirkwood coolly. He disengaged his fingers.

The pink plump face was contorted in a furtive grimace of deprecation. Without waiting for permission Calendar dropped into the vacant chair.

"My dear sir," he proceeded, unabashed, "I throw myself upon your mercy."

"The devil you do!"

"I must. I'm in the deuce of a hole, and there's no one I know here besides yourself, I—I"—

Kirkwood saw fit to lead him on, partly because out of the corner of his eye he was aware of the girl's uncon ceased suspicious. "So it is, please, Mr. Calendar. You throw yourself on a total stranger's mercy because you're in the deuce of a hole, and"—

"It's this way. I'm called away on urgent business inoperative business. I must go at once. My daughter is with me—my daughter! Think of my embarrassment. I cannot leave her here alone, nor can I permit her to go home unescorted."

Calendar paused in anxiety.

"That's easily remedied then," suggested Kirkwood.

"How?"

"Put her in a cab at the door."

"No. The devil! I couldn't think of it. You won't understand, I"—

"I do not understand," amended the younger man politely.

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RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH

Mother of Eleven Children Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Her Interesting Experience

Buckingham, Quebec.—"I am the mother of eleven living children, and my baby is five months old. I am only 38 years old and I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and my nerves. I knew of it from my sister, Dame Edouard Bellefeuille of Ramsayville. For five years I was in misery and was always ready to cry. Now I am so happy to have good health. My daughter, who is 18 years old, has also taken it and will be happy to recommend it to all young girls."—Dame WILLIAM PAQUET, Box 414, Buckingham, Quebec.

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"Permit me to introduce an old friend."

woman whom he had met under auspices so extraordinary? Any attempt to gloze the situation, he felt, would be futile. And somehow he did not care to render himself ridiculous in her eyes, little as he knew her.

Inanely dumb, he sat watching her, smiling fatuously, until it was borne in on him that he was staring like a boor and grinning like an idiot. Convinced, he blushed for himself, something which served to make him more tongue tied than ever.

As for his involuntary protegee, she exhibited such sweet composure that he caught himself wondering if she really appreciated the seriousness of her parent's predicament—if, for that matter, its true nature were known to her at all. Calendar, he believed, was capable of prevarication, polite and impolite. Had he lied to his daughter or to Kirkwood? To both possibly, to the former alone not improbably. That the adventurer had told him the desperate truth Kirkwood was quite convinced, but he now began to believe that the girl had been put off with some fictitious explanation. Her tranquillity and self control were remarkable otherwise. She seemed very young to possess those qualities in such eminent degree.

She was looking wearily past him, her gaze probing some unguessed abyss of thought. Kirkwood felt himself privileged to stare in wonder. Her naive aloofness of poise gripped his imagination powerfully—the more so perhaps since it seemed eloquent of her intention to remain enigmatic—but by no means more powerfully than the unaided appeal of her loveliness.

Presently the girl herself relieved the tension of the situation, fairly startling the young man by going straight to the heart of things. Without preface or warning, lifting her gaze to his, "My name is really Dorothy Calendar," she observed. And then, noting his astonishment, "You would be privileged to doubt under the circumstances," she added. "Please let us be frank."

"Since it is to be confidences" (this she questioned with an all but imperceptible lifting of the eyebrows), "I don't mind telling you my own name is really Philip Kirkwood."

"And you are an old friend of my father's?"

He opened his lips, but only to close them without speaking. The girl moved her shoulders with a shiver of disdain.

"I knew it wasn't so."

"You know it would be hard for a young man like myself to be a very old friend," he contented himself by saying.

"How long, then, have you known each other?"

"Must I answer?"

"Please."

"Between three and four hours."

"I thought as much." She stared past him, troubled. Abruptly she said, "Please smoke."

"Shall I? If you wish it, of course"—She repeated, "Please."

"We were to wait ten minutes or so," she continued.

He produced his cigarette case.

"If you care to smoke it will seem an excuse." He lighted his cigarette. "And then you may talk to me," she concluded calmly.

"I would gladly if I could guess what would interest you."

"Yourself. Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

"It would bore you," he responded tritely, confused.

"No. You interest me very much." She made the statement quietly, contemptuous of coquetry.

"Very well, then. I am Philip Kirkwood, an American."

"Nothing more?"

"Little worth retailing."

"I'm sorry."

"Why?" he demanded, piqued.

"Because you have merely indicated that you are a wealthy American."

"Why wealthy?"

"If not you would have some aim in life, a calling or profession."

"And you think I have none?"

"Unless you consider it your vocation to be a wealthy American."

"I don't. Besides, I'm not wealthy. In point of fact, I"— He pulled up short on the verge of declaring himself a pauper. "I am a painter."

Her eyes lightened with interest. "An artist?"

"I hope so. I don't paint signs—or bonnets," he remarked.

Amused, she laughed softly. "I suspected it," she declared.

"Not really?"

"It was your way of looking at—that you made me guess it—the painter's way. I have often noticed it."

"As if mentally blending colors all the time?"

"Yes; that and—seeing flaws."

"I have discovered none," he told her brazenly.

But again her secret cares were claiming her thoughts, and the gay, inconsequential banter died upon her scarlet lips as a second time her glance ranged away, sounding mysterious depths of anxiety.

Provoked, he would have continued the chatter. "I have confessed," he persisted. "You know everything of material interest about me. And yourself?"

"I am merely Dorothy Calendar," she answered.

"Nothing more?" He laughed. "That is all, if you please, for the present."

"I am to content myself with the promise of the future?"

"The future," she told him seriously, "is tomorrow and tomorrow"— She moved restlessly in her chair, eyes and lips pathetic in their distress. "Please, we will go now, if you are ready."

"I am quite ready, Miss Calendar."

He rose. A waiter brought the girl's cloak and put it in Kirkwood's hands. He held it until, smoothing the wrists of her long white gloves, she stood up, then placed the garment upon her white young shoulders, troubled by the indefinable sense of intimacy imparted by the privilege. She permitted him this personal service, he felt that she rated him; that out of her gratitude had grown a simple and almost childish faith in his generosity and considerateness.

As she turned to go her eyes thanked him with an unfathomable glance. He was again conscious of that esoteric disturbance in his temples. Puzzled, hazily analyzing the sensation, he followed her to the lobby

A page brought him his topcoat, hat and stick. Tipping the child from sheer force of habit, he desired a gigantic porter, impressively ornate in hotel livery, to call a hansom. Together they passed out into the night, he and the girl.

Beneath a permanent awning of steel and glass she waited patiently, slender, erect, heedless of the attention she attracted from wayfarers.

A cab drew in at the block. The porter clapped an arc of wickerwork over its wheel to protect the girl's skirts. She ascended to the seat.

Kirkwood, dropping sixpence in the porter's palm, prepared to follow. But a hand fell upon his arm, peremptory, inexorable. He faced about, frowning, to confront a slight, hatchet faced man, somewhat under medium height, dressed in a sack suit and wearing a derby well forward over his eyes, that were hard and bright.

"Mr. Calendar?" said the man tensely. "I presume I needn't name my business. I'm from the Yard"—

"My name is not Calendar."

The detective smiled wearily. "Don't be a fool, Calendar," he began. But the porter's hand fell upon his shoulder, and the giant bent low to bring his mouth close to the other's ear. Kirkwood heard indistinctly his own name, followed by Calendar's, and the words: "Never fear. I'll point him out."

"But the woman?" argued the detective, unconvinced, staring into the cab.

"Am I not at liberty to have a lady dine with me in a public restaurant?" interposed Kirkwood without raising his voice.

The hard eyes looked him up and down without favor. Then: "Beg pardon, sir. I see my mistake," said the detective brusquely.

"I am glad you do," returned Kirkwood grimly. "I fancy it will bear investigation."

He mounted the step. "Imperial theater," he told the driver, giving the first address that occurred to him. It could be changed. For the moment the only sense was to get the girl out of the range of the detective's interest.

He slipped into his place as the hansom wheeled into the turgid tide of westbound traffic.

So Calendar had escaped, after all! Moreover, he had told the truth to Kirkwood.

By his side the girl moved uneasily. "Who was that man?" she inquired.

Kirkwood sought her eyes and found them wholly ingenuous. It seemed that Calendar had not taken her into his confidence, after all. She was therefore in no way implicated in her father's affairs. Inexplicably the young man's heart felt lighter. "A mistake. The fellow took me for some one he knew," he told her carelessly.

The assurance satisfied her. She rested quietly, wrapped up in personal concerns. Suddenly Kirkwood was recalled to a sense of duty by a glimpse of Hyde Park Corner. He turned to the girl. "I didn't know where you wished to go."

She seemed to realize his meaning with surprise, as one whose thoughts have strayed afar recalled to an imperative world.

"Oh, did I forget? Tell him, please, to drive to No. 9 Frognall street, Bloomsbury."

Constraint hung like a curtain between the two, a silence which the young man forbore to moderate, finding more delight than he had dared or dared confess to in contemplation of the pure girlish profile so close to him.

She seemed quite unaware of him, lost in thought, large eyes sober, the serious that were fashioned for mischief, round little chin firm with some occult resolution. It was not hard to fancy her nerves keyed to a high pitch of courage and determination nor easy to guess for what reason. Watchful, always, keenly sensitive to the beauty of each salient line betrayed by the flying lights, Kirkwood's own consciousness lost itself in a profitless even a perilous, labyrinth of conjecture.

The cab stopped. Both occupants came to their senses with a little start. The girl leaned out over the apron, recognized the house she sought in one swift glance, testified to the recognition with a nod, a communication and began to arrange her skirts. Kirkwood, unheeding her faint hurried protests, jumped out, interposing his cane between her skirts and the wheel. Simultaneously he received a vivid mental photograph of the locality.

Frognall street proved to be one of those byways a short block in length, which, hemmed in on all sides by a manner purlieu, have seven in Bloomsbury escaped the sordid encroaching eye of the keeper of furnished lodgings, retaining jealously something of the old time dignity and reserve that were their pride in the days ere modern city sawmill upon Mayfair and Belgravia.

Its houses loomed tall, with many windows, mostly lightless, eyelids half closed against the glare of louder city lights which distinguishes the Englishman's castle. Here and there stood one less bedraggled than its neighbors, though all, without exception, spoke unmistakably of respectability down to the heel, but fighting tenaciously for existence. Some, vanguards of that imminent day when the boarding house should reign supreme, were with shameless air placards of estate agents advertising their susceptibility to sale or lease. In the company of the latter was No. 9

The American noted the circumstance subconsciously at a moment when Miss Calendar's hand, small as a child's, warm and compact in its white glove, lay in his own. And then she was on the sidewalk, her face, upturned to his, vivacious with excitement.

"You have been so kind," she told him warmly, "that one hardly knows how to thank you, Mr. Kirkwood."

"I have done nothing—nothing at all," he mumbled, disturbed by a sudden unreasoning alarm for her.

She passed quickly to the shelter of the pillared portico. He followed clumsily. On the doorstep she turned, offering her hand. He took and retained it.

"Good night," she said.

"I'm so understand that I'm dismissed, then?" he stammered ruefully. She evaded his eyes. "I—thank you. I have no further need"—

"You are quite sure? Won't you believe me at your service?"

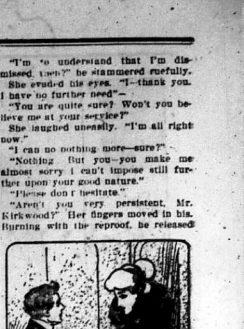
She laughed uneasily. "I'm all right now."

"I can no nothing more—sure?"

"Nothing but you—you make me almost sorry I can't impose still further upon your good nature."

"Please don't hesitate."

"Aren't you very persistent, Mr. Kirkwood?" Her fingers moved in his. Burning with the reproof, he released



"Good night," she said.

them and turned to her so woebegone a countenance that she repented of her severity. "Don't worry about me, please. I am truly safe now. Some day I hope to be able to thank you adequately. Good night."

Her pass key grated in the lock. Opening the door disclosed a dark and uninviting entry hall, through which there breathed an air heavy with the dank and dusty odor of untenanted rooms. Hesitating on the threshold, over her shoulder the girl smiled kindly upon her commanderee and esquire and stepped within.

He lifted his hat automatically. The door closed with an echoing slam. He turned to the waiting cab, fumbling for change.

To be Continued.

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23-1-7

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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American Legion Honors Captain

Upper—C. F. "Montreyal" which carried the Legionaires in war and peace. Lower—The Legionaires photographed at Quebec before sailing for Paris recently. Inset—Captain H. Sibbons, R.N.R.

A signal honor has been conferred on Captain H. Sibbons, R.N.R., commander of the Canadian Pacific Montroyal, by the members of the American Legion who sailed 800 strong on his ship from England recently, after the gathering of the Legionnaires in Paris in September. On their voyage across the Atlantic to Quebec, R. J. Byers, adjutant of the American Legion, department of Michigan, decorated Captain Sibbons with the American Legion official medal—the Second A.E.F.

Many of the Legionnaires who journeyed both ways on the "Montroyal" to attend the convention, were carried by this ship to France during the Great War and renewed their friendship with the popular commander. The majority of the Legionnaires on the peacetime journey to France were from the middle west and west of the United States.

In honoring Captain Sibbons with the official medal, Adjutant Byers said:

"Captain Sibbons, an historic pilgrimage has been successfully held, and thousands of the best citizens of America, proven to be true in action, and proven again in their sincere desire to contribute that good citizenship by promoting world peace through this pilgrimage, now have their faces turned homewards. They are conquerors, conquerors of friendship. You, sir, helped guide the first A.E.F. through danger-infested seas. You, sir, have again helped guide safely the second A.E.F. to a joyous conclusion. It was the comparatively few men of your calibre, men who have spent a lifetime on the great Atlantic, who made possible that first glorious victory for the allied countries. You, sir, are carrying on in peace-time, just as we are carrying on—the soldiers, sailors and marines—whom you have so safely carried across and back—first to war and then to peace. You are one of us, one of our trusted leaders; one on whom we depended, and who took care of us. Sir, I pin the American Legion Official Medal of the Second American Expeditionary Force on your breast. Only men of proven worth are permitted to have it. In due time, when we have completed our journey, a suitable accompanying citation will be forwarded to you. This is the service medal to be worn with your uniform on proper occasions."

THE SUNFLOWER.

Came Originally From South America and Was Regarded as Sacred.

The tall and stately sunflower, according to an article published in Pearson's Weekly, came originally from South America, the land of the Sun Worshippers, and was regarded as sacred.

The gaudy sunflower is a native of Peru—the Peruvian name for it and was taken to Great Britain by the Spaniards after their conquest of the country in the sixteenth century.

The Spaniards discovered that Peru produced two sorts of sunflowers generally known, and were astonished to see how the same rose upwards of twenty feet in height, bearing blooms measuring some six-teen inches across.

In the temples they found the other kind of sunflower — beautiful reproductions of the States flower, modelled with exquisite workmanship in the purest gold.

The Peruvians were sun-worshippers, and the sunflower was their sacred flower. In the Temples of the Sun the Spaniards found attending maidens known as "Virgins of the Sun," who were crowned with sunflowers wrought in pure gold. They carried golden sunflowers in their hands, too, which reflected the light in a dazzling way.

The Spaniards brought home some sunflower seeds, from which have arisen the now common garden flowers; but they thought it worth while, too, to carry away the golden sunflowers, as well as other treasures—the gold of the mines and precious stones.

Historians trace the decadence of Spain to this ill-gotten wealth. The gold of Peru was the undoing of the nation, leading to voluptuous idleness) Instead of remaining one of the most industrious and happy kingdoms, Spain became tenth-rate.

The sunflower is named from the way the flower-head turns with the sun's radiant face, and follows the sun with its own face from rising to setting.

The head of a single sunflower may contain between two and three thousand seeds. When peeled these have a taste like sweet almonds, and from the oily native seeds an excellent food for fattening chickens.

In Canada and the United States the sunflower is cultivated for the sake of the oil, which is refined until it is for use with salads.

A Precious Nobleman.

Mr. T. A. Nash tells the following story of the late Lord Westbury, in his biography. When they were expelling him from the Conservative Club because he was not sound on Protection, he defended himself with great spirit before the committee. "Speak up," roared an old fox-hunting squire from the farther end of the room—"speak up!"

"I should have thought," said Bethell, in his blandest tone, "that the honorable gentleman's ears were long enough to catch my articulate utterances even at that distance."

Court of International Justice.

Nations who wish to go to law with one another can appear before the Permanent Court of International Justice, which sits at the Hague. There are eleven regular judges and four deputies, each of a different nationality. The court gave its first verdict in August, 1922.

"Dress" at Eton College.

Scholars at Eton College, England, dress according to their height. Under five feet four inches in height they wear the famous Eton jacket; when they pass that mark they don morning coats.

OLD MATCHES VALUABLE

There Are Only Eleven Matches Made by Walker In Existence—Early Models, of Obtaining Fire.

A match, the common wooden match is about the cheapest commodity you can buy. And yet there is in existence a single match, hardly distinguishable from the ordinary household variety, for which a collector has been known to pay an amount that would keep a starving American family for a year, writes V. M. Hillyer in the New York Times Magazine.

There are only eleven such matches in existence. Nine of these are in museums. They were made just 109 years ago, by John Walker, a chemist at Stockton-on-Tees; and the reason they are so absurdly valuable is because they were the first matches in the world.

In modern times the human race has been unbelievably backward. For thousands upon thousands of years, until Walker came along, they "got a light" only by arduous struggles with inert matter — by rubbing two sticks together or striking flint against steel.

Even such enlightened people as the Greeks and Romans got their fire by borrowing it from public or private flames, perpetually burning. Making a light was a secret of the priesthood, and keeping it alight the function of the vestal virgins.

Savage tribes got a light with a fire drill, or "bow" or "plow." The native rubbed a pointed stick of wood between the palms of his hands, while holding it vertically against another piece known as the "hearth," which he held on the ground with his feet. Or he used a bow to twist the stick; or he rubbed the point of a piece of wood back and forth in a groove in the hearth.

The commonest method of making a light in civilized countries since the beginning of the Stone Age was that by striking a hard stone, usually flint, against iron or steel. The flint, used like a hatchet, chopped off from the steel a tiny piece which was made white hot by the blow. This spark was caught on some very inflammable substance, such as dried grass or charred fibre, called tinder.

But the flint-and-steel method was not generally known or practiced until several centuries after the birth of Christ, continues Mr. Hillyer. The earliest known fire-steel was excavated from the tombs of the Merovingian kings near Rheims, and dated from the sixth century. There is a silver buckle by which it could be attached to the girdle of the monarch or his attendant. Three sides are set with flakes of virgin gold and gems made of ruby glass—glass colored red by the use of gold or copper at that time being prized as jewels. The steel edge is deeply corroded, but has the curved outline characteristic of practically all later fire-steels.

If you are looking for something difficult to collect, something that depends on the size of your purse rather than on the size of your pocketbook, I recommend the collection of fire-making devices. Although at one time they were quite a penknives, and in such general use that everybody must have had at least one, there are very few of them to-day.

Tinder was usually home-made from charred rags, but there was a commercial tinder which "came in a time you could buy anywhere, as nowadays you can soap. It was called "amadou," and was made from a large fungus. It looked, when sliced up, like sheets of chamois.

Although amadou was a factor in fire-making, it was not an interesting one. The "steels," however, were, as they partook of the character of the time or the taste person. They are, in other words, "collector's pieces."

The Saracens had an eye for beauty of line and proportion. They made a fire-steel with a ring by which it was suspended and a handhold shaped like a horn. It was of bronze — steel, of course, the steel striking edge.

Orator of France.

M. Briand, who recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the French Parliament, has established what is a record in France, holding Ministerial positions for half that time. M. Briand, who comes of humble Breton stock, entered the Chamber as a Socialist. During his quarter of a century of Parliamentary life M. Briand has been Prime Minister of France nine times, while he has also been Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of Justice, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is as a spell-binding orator that he strikes the foreign observer most forcibly. His oratory is always effectual, and there is no one in the Chamber—or, indeed, in France—who surpasses him as a speaker. Of him, public man, M. Briand is still "young" at 66.

Just Like Him.

A clerk in a Jewish mercantile house completed a quarter of a century's service with the firm.

Schmidt, the senior partner, handed him a present with appropriate words: "In memory of this eventful day."

The clerk gratefully accepted the envelope without opening it, but on a hint from the boss broke the seal. Inside he found a photograph of his employer.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmidt, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the ambiguous reply.

Lost—A Mountain.

From Chile comes the report of a strange geological occurrence. A thickly-wooded hill north of the Claro river has vanished.

Dwellers in the locality heard a loud report like an earthquake, and many acres of the hill sloped being swallowed up by the earth in a hoof-shaped chasm, 1,200 yards long. Then, to their further amazement, they saw the river bed rising until an island 300 feet long and 90 feet wide was formed.

Danced 274 Hours.

A Casablanca (Morocco) cabaret dancer has set up a world's record by dancing continuously for 274 hours 15 minutes.

One Oak Tree In Paris.

Only one oak tree grows in Paris which contains more than 100,000 trees, according to an official report.

Meredith is a Celtic name, meaning sea-protector.

VEGETABLE COASTGUARDS.

Weeds Hold Fast Land That Sea Is Constantly Trying to Submerge.

Thousands of dollars are spent in maintaining a coastguard force—men who keep watch and ward upon our shores. But there is another class of coastguard that defends our shores from attack of wind and wave, year after year, without receiving a farthing!

These are our vegetable coastguards. It is hard to over-estimate the value of the work that these mere weeds do for us. They hold the land that the sea is constantly trying to submerge and wash away; they protect sandy sea-flats from being whirled inland by the wind; they throw up a breakwater to protect our crops.

No one can say how many miles of sea-coast and fertile cornland we owe entirely to the unremitting "stranglehold" of our vegetable coastguards.

In Norfolk for example, the hills of sandstone that keep off the sea are raised and upheld by the knotted roots and trails and stems of these plants. Marram and lyme-grass, sea-sedge and sea-holly send out a network of fibrous roots underground which bind the loose sand into an impregnable dune against the sea.

Above-ground, the tough leaves and stems imprison much sand that would otherwise be scattered by the wind.

Our most famous engineers can only keep back the sea by building dykes and concrete walls, but these vegetable coastguards use nothing but their own roots and stems to make a perfect sea-barrier out of shifting sand.

However little thought the average seaside visitor gives to these lowly sea grasses, there are not many without recognition. The marram is the subject of an Act of Parliament, passed in the days of Queen Elizabeth, that gives it special protection.

In lowland countries, like Holland and Denmark, these vegetable coastguards have been accorded special care for even longer periods, and the famous Dutch dunes are regularly planted with roots and seeds of maritime plants.

Where He Drew the Line.

Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, was a powerful writer and a profound thinker; but among his weaknesses was, it is said, a special contempt for newspaper correspondents. An apt illustration of this appears in a passage from one of his prose-poems which appears in a contemporary. "Two friends are seated together at a table, and drink tea. Suddenly a noise arises in the street, with sounds of abuse and scornful laughter. "They are mobbing some one!" remarks one of the friends, looking out. "A delinquent! Perhaps a murderer!" cries the other. "Listen! Whatever he may be, such an unjust persecution should not be permitted. Come, we will rescue him." "But it is no murderer whom they are thrashing." "Not a murderer? Then he is a thief! Come instantly, and let us save him from the hands of the mob." "He is not a thief either." "Not a thief? Then he must be a cashier, a railway director, an army contractor, a lawyer, a well-intentioned editor, or a public benefactor! Say nothing, but come along, and we will rescue him." "No. It is a newspaper correspondent who is going to be thrashed!" "Oh, indeed! a newspaper correspondent! Well, look here—let us finish our tea."

READING AND NOT SEEING.

Opinions Differ Regarding the Somnabulist' Sense of Sight.

It is believed, writes Mary E. Monteith in The Occult Magazine, that the somnambulist can see with closed eyes, but opinions differ regarding this sense of sight.

There are instances when the eyes are wide open but apparently sightless according to normal standard. Besides writing, there is an ability to draw, or to do very fine work, and it makes no difference whether or not an object is interposed between the subject and the paper.

A French encyclopaedia contains instances of this action in the somnambulist state which came under the direct observation of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The somnambulist was a young priest who was in the habit of rising in the middle of the night and writing sermons. When he had finished a page, still fast asleep, he read it aloud from one end to another with his eyes tightly closed, and then he would make certain corrections.

The explanation of these facts, in order to assure himself that the priest made no use of his eyes, thrust a cardboard under his chin in such a way as to shut off the sight of the paper of the table. But the somnambulist continued to read without noticing the difference.

Some authorities explain this sight as the mind that sees. M. Flammarion writes that this "seeing" is solely a mental faculty in the normal state, and he thinks that in both cases, normally and under the conditions of sleep, it is an inner psychic faculty, an unknown force independent of sense and of normal vision.

ANOTHER INTERESTING STORY.

How Handshakes Helped Win One Election.

The Jubilee of Confederation is over, but a very interesting story has just been retold in Lindsay, Ont., concerning the visit of Sir John A. Macdonald to that town many years ago, showing how diplomatic the Father of Confederation was, and how he helped to win his own election, writes "Saunterer" of Lindsay in the Toronto Globe.

Sir John A. was stopping at the Benson House, and was closeted with the lights out in a room with only the latter's chances of election, when Jack Thornbury, one of the workers of the party, arrived, and was asked by Sir John as to the prospects of the election.

"It will be very close," replied Mr. Thornbury, "and there is only one way to win it for Mr. Dundas."

"Well, tell us about it"—that's what we want to know," said Sir John.

"Well," replied Mr. Thornbury, "a large sewer is being built down the centre of Lindsay's main street, right now, and the contractor here is working underground in that sewer. If you can interest those men in our cause, I think we will win."

"Bring those men to me and we'll talk to them—I would be glad to meet them," said Sir John.

Mr. Thornbury went into the sewer and found the foreman, a man by the name of "Happy Jack" Rogers, that Sir John wanted to meet the men, but was told that they would not come out from work. However, in the end they did, and the sixty of them climbed out of the sewer and into the Benson House parlor, where they shook hands with Sir John, and afterward returned to their work.

Election day came around, and Mr. Dundas was elected by the small majority of 64, so that the votes of the men in the sewer, evidently, were needed.

Here and There

What is considered the largest grizzly shot in the Canadian Rockies this season was taken by Miss Van Vleck, daughter of Ernest Van Vleck, prominent New York architect, who headed hunting party into the Selkirk district. The party went in north of Revelstoke.

An amount of grain greater in excess of the entire production of western Canada in the year 1897, 4,454,000 bushels, were hauled to elevators along the Canadian Pacific lines in one day in the week during the middle of October. This constituted a record haul of grain for this railway company.

The second shipment of horses from Canada to Russia was a record shipment, according to Louis Kon, Soviet representative, there being only one horse that died during the passage. The next shipment is expected to go forward in November, and this will bring the total number up to 3,500.

G. N. Torgen, ex-M.P. for Sweden, recently left for the Peace River Country in Alberta to locate suitable farm land for the establishing of a large colony of Swedish farmers, who are said to be in a position to undertake farming on an extensive scale. He has already canvassed Mexico and the Southwestern States, which he finds unsuitable.

The new Canadian Pacific Railway elevator at Midland has begun to receive grain, and shortly all the construction work will be complete and all departments of the plant in operation. Beginning of this elevator marks the extension of Canadian Pacific enterprise to another point on the Great Lakes and a new factor in retaining a greater proportion of the Canadian export grain trade for Canadian ports.

The largest party of major league baseball stars to hunt moose in New Brunswick journeyed to the woods for a two-weeks stay after the World Series. The party entered at Clarendon on the Canadian Pacific line and included Benny Bengough, Mark Koenig, Eddie Collins, Joe Bush, Sam Jones, Fred Hofman. A number of newspaper writers and cameramen were included in the party.

The two new Canadian Pacific passenger ships, "Duchess of Athell" and "Duchess of Bedford," now being built for the St. Lawrence route (Liverpool to Montreal), will be two of the finest vessels afloat, according to plans and specifications. Their gross tonnage will register 20,000. They will be twin screw with geared turbine engines. They will have a length of 596 feet, a breadth of 75 feet and a speed of 17½ knots. Both ships will have accommodation for 572 cabin, 480 tourist third class and 503 third class passengers.

The initial consignment this year of Canadian apples for Great Britain, has gone forward on the Canadian Pacific liner "Montrose" from Montreal. The consignment, by the Fruit Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture from the Province of Ontario and consist of forty thousand boxes, including about 4,000 apples to be put on exhibition at the Imperial Fruit Show scheduled to be held at Manchester this month. Varieties include Golden Russet, McIntosh, Spies, Greenings, Stark, Talman Sweet, Wolf River, Baldwin and Baxter. On the same vessel are 25 cases of vegetables also for exhibition in England.

Here and There

In accordance with its new policy the Department of Health at Ottawa has appointed seven physicians as inspectors of immigrants in European cities. They are to report for duty at once.

Manager D. McNair, of the Associated Growers, states that at the end of last week 100 cars of "Delicious" (MacIntosh Red apples left the Okanagan Valley for New York and out 50 cars of Jonathans will move out to Sweden, South Africa, Great Britain and New Zealand.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is again offering a prize of $100 to the Canadian showing the best spring wheat at the International Hay and Grain Show in Chicago, it was announced at the offices of the agricultural department of the company. The show will be held in November.

The grand total of Canadian trade for the twelve months ended August was $2,331,000,000, as compared with $2,314,000,000 for the year before. Import figures are up and exports down; the former being $1,066,000,000, as compared with $967,000,000 the year before and exports $1,264,000,000, as against $1,337,000,000.

A boom in muskrat farming is on the horizon in Western Canada. Following the acceptance by the Provincial Governments of the Prairie Provinces of the Dominion Government's offer to turn over swamp lands to them for leases to residents for purposes of muskrat farming there has been a deluge of applications. Alberta has had 200 of them and Saskatchewan over 500.

British Columbia is capable of producing all the bulbs, rose bushes, fruit trees, ornamental trees and seeds that the Canadian people can use, it is claimed by authorities here. Millions of dollars each year go out of Canada for nursery stock that could be raised in British Columbia and delivered to the buyers several weeks earlier than it could be imported from overseas.

Boys and girls resident in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are now engaged in a series of hog-judging contests in which the Canadian Pacific Railway is offering a trophy to the winning teams of each province, in addition to which the six winners will be the guests of honor, to the Royal Winter Fair (Nov. 16th to 24th), as guests of the railway.

"More settlers are coming from the United States to make homes in Canada than in any year since 1920," said J. R. Ryan recently in Winnipeg, travelling colonization agent from the St. Paul office of the Canadian Pacific Railway. "Personally," he said, "I have brought 70 families this season and have every reason to believe that the total will be well over 100 before the end of the year. All the settlers have money—some very well supplied."

Prof. Robert Wallace, commissioner of Manitoba mines, told the Caledonian Society at its weekly luncheon in Winnipeg recently, that mining developments such as had never been equalled in the history of Manitoba were likely to feature the next six months. Mining, he said had to be looked upon as a business proposition. It so happened in this country, that mines are found in places to which access was not easy and no railroad could be expected to lay tracks into the north country until it knew prospects there.

PICTURESQUE BANDIT

Roumanian, Who Terrorized People Dwelling In Swampy Region of Galatz, Has Been Killed.

Terente, a famous Roumanian bandit, who had for many years terrorized the people dwelling in the swampy region between Braila and Galatz, has been killed, according to lengthy report which appears in the Frankfurter Zeitung, of Germany.

Terente was overtaken by police early in June while returning in a small boat from a call upon one of his friends. In the battle that followed, Terente was severely wounded and obliged to surrender. Then, on the way to police headquarters the bandit "attempted to escape" and was finished with a bullet from a gendarme's rifle.

The Roumanian authorities had been on the bandit's trail for several years, and there was a standing reward of 100,000 lei (a lei is worth 19½ cents) offered for his capture, dead or alive.

Last Easter Terente suddenly appeared among the worshippers at the church in Carcaliu, in the Dobrudja. Frightened at first by the appearance of the bandit, the people soon became calm, especially as Terente distributed Easter gifts with a free hand.

Suddenly Terente rushed to the chancel, shoved the priest aside and, with a revolver in one hand and a knife in his mouth, made a fiery address to the congregation, in which he urged his countrymen to back him in his fight with the Roumanian authorities and threatened fearful revenge upon any who might betray him.

That same night he raided the home of the village cashier, carrying off 140,000 lei (about $850) and the preacher's vestments, with the remark that these garments might be of use to him some day.

Soon Terente re-united the surviving members of his old band, armed and mounted them by the simple device of robbing the village stores, and resumed operations on a large scale. According to Vienna reports, the bandit lived in an almost impenetrable swamp, has already accumulated a big stock of beer, wines and liquors and has kidnapped a number of girls.

Despite the fact that hundreds of gendarmes were on his trail and the navigable channels in the swamp were being explored by Roumanian light war vessels, Terente made a dramatic appearance one night in one of the leading cabarets in Braila. With revolver drawn, the bandit boldly told who he was, ordered and consumed a good meal, with plenty of wine, chatted with one of the dancing girls, taunted several Rumanian officers who were present and then, after having had himself written on the wall with chalk:

"Many greetings to the beautiful daughters of Braila! Death and destruction to my enemies!" disappeared.

Another night, during a dance, came a loud knocking on the door of a mansion. The frightened servants who answered at once recognized Terente, accompanied by three men dressed as gendarmes. Upon the bandit's order all the nuns were assembled in the dining-room, and while they were guarded by two of his followers, the chief and a companion burst open the door of the room where the church emblems and ikons were stored, loaded them into sacks and disappeared.

Solved by Wireless.

The latest wireless story concerns a foreign vagrant apprehended by the police, who refused information regarding his credentials. But he spoke an exceedingly strange tongue.

The police interpreters were nonplussed, and eventually several professors of modern languages admitted themselves beaten.

At this juncture an idea occurred that broadcasting might be of service. Listeners to the nearest broadcasting station were accordingly acquainted with the circumstances, and the luckless individual was instructed to speak into the microphone. The distressing appeal was heard by the police-station, and a writer in the Wireless World, with the result that the captive was identified as a Spanish Esperantist, who supplied the police and he was allowed to depart.

Didn't Know Worms.

A banker returning from a Canadian fishing camp brings back one of the first vacation stories. It is on himself and was the wit of one of the guides who had been employed by who think up some good ones. The banker had just arrived in camp and was anxious to get some worms so he could go fishing.

"I want some worms dug and wonder if you could get me a man to do the digging?" he asked of the camp superintendent. "I suppose that fellow down by the lake could help me out, couldn't he?"

"Why," replied the superintendent, between chews. "That there fellow is first vice-president in charge of rowboats and he don't know the first thing about worms."

Solving Bird Secrets.

A pintail duck which has just been caught in California, with a band around one leg bearing the letter H sent out by the U. S. Department of Agriculture's scientific staff at Bear river, Utah, is the first of 2,000 given them to a discussion as to how long a bird can live. Twelve years is officially believed to be a record.

Some clerk in the work was found whose "band" showed by the date inscribed upon it that the bird in the course of eleven years had migrated from the Kossiten Bird Observatory in Germany to the United States.

Cricket Fighting.

Cricket fighting is a popular sport in China. The combat takes place in a large earthen jar and is fought to the finish.

A Natural Fly-Killer.

A recent number of the British Medical Journal contains a description of the accidental discovery of a natural fly-killer. A castor oil plant was placed accidentally in a room swarming with flies which, of course, came in in hundreds through the open window, but as soon as it was deposited in its place the flies disappeared as if by enchantment. On examination they were found under the castor oil plant or clinging to the under surface of the leaves, perfectly dead. The leaves, it is said, give out an essential oil or toxic principle which possesses the strongest insecticide qualities.

The New Design.

In the new design for the money of the Irish Free State there appear a hen, a sow, a hare, and a salmon.

A Plymouth Rock's Record.

A Barred Plymouth Rock, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, has established a new record for the three Prairie Provinces, laying her 300th egg in her pullet year of which there is still a month to go. The world's record for trap-nested production is held by No. 6, an Agassiz B. C. pullet, which laid 351 eggs in 364 days.

Many Visitors.

Over 80,000 people visited Shakespeare's birthplace last year, nearly 60,000 Anne Hathaway's cottage.

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Wonders of S. America

In an interesting series of articles to the London Daily Mail, Miss Diana Houghton-Rogers describes her 30,000 miles of wandering through South America, from Peru to Patagonia, when she traversed territory hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white woman.

Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, she writes, is a city of infinite charm, set in a circle of jewelled hills—emerald, amethyst, sapphire, and gold—with irises, lupins, sunflowers, and rich green grass all about it. As fair sight say before the Incas as they watched parades in the amphitheatre from their deep stone seats set high above the town.

Cuzco is also a city of a thousand smells, each more offensive than the last. An American company is at work on a water and sanitation scheme, and long-buried horrors cry aloud, waiting their protest against resurrection to the outraged nostrils of passers-by. In days to come public works department supplied the capital with water from the hills; in the modern scheme water continues to flow through one of the ancient aqueducts.

At the time of the Spanish invasion the Indians made every attempt to save the nation's treasure, and many a tale is told of buried gold, whose hiding-place is long forgotten. Legend asserts that where the mouse-deer leads the way, and the fertile valley of Upallata, Indians hurried from Peru with 500 long treasure-laden mules, the spot in which they hid between great boulders of the Cordillera. (A guanaco is a very common South American animal, a cross between a camel and a child's rocking-horse). A map was made marking the spot, and as directions are confusing where rocks all look the same, and nothing points the way were painted with incomprehensible signs. The map—the key to the riddle—is lost, and the treasure, if it ever existed, remains undisturbed.

"My last remembrance of Peru is of a funeral procession winding its way slowly across the square in Lima in which Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror, met his doom. Behind the flower-decked bier trudged a solemn procession of Indian cabarets in front a band played lugubriously an unusual funeral march, which I recognized as "Yes, sir, she's my Baby!"

Peru, Ancient and Modern!

It was summer when I went to Patagonia, and I was pleasantly surprised to find always I imagined a bleak and desolate land of ice and snow, where blue-nosed shepherds, muffled in woollen garments, tended their fingers sheep lying frozen under mounds of snow. This is, in fact, the country's history at this very time of year, but when I was there there was sun and warmth, and all Patagonia was a swaying garden of frail and dainty flowers.

I went by motor, in a car over hummocky plains, chasing the South American species of ostrich, known as a rhea. We shot one and ate him for supper. Extremely good he was, too, tasting like cold pheasant.

He deserved to die. Male rheas have simply scandalous ideas about women. They have five or six wives in their harems who are treated with the utmost contempt. They are only served their food after the cock rhea, at feat their mortified husbands cannot accomplish. But all the rest is done by the male. He sits and brings up the children, his eyes roving and watching morosely from afar. A misogynist like that deserves a bullet in his back.

In a sheltered valley where a cold stream flowed between marshy banks covered with tall plants of white daisies, we shot snipe and duck, and eventually plucked them and grilled them over a "kalafate" bush fire. There are wild geese in abundance for the sportsman, and I saw a million, or 1½ per cent. of the entire surface of the globe. This seems surprising, but it includes all the sea in between the islands and the South Pole. Even an irresponsible woman would hardly have mapped out the seas as lightheartedly as that!

The capital of the Falklands is Port Stanley, a cathedral town, though its looks belie it. It might be a fishing village in the Highlands or on the coast of Norway. Government House is an old-fashioned residence facing a stretch of grey and troubled waters, and England owes much to the gallantry of those who sends forth to the flag flying in that inclement land.

I went for a cruise in the stormy seas that separate sheep-covered Islands from the mainland. A blood bay tail and pawed the air, or stood on her head and wagged her tail. We visited seal and penguin rookeries, and found the Rockhopper Penguin in the clumps of tall tussac grass. Fortunately we found none. I should have promptly died if we had. They are bad tempered birds, and enjoy biting if men's legs. A jackass penguin standing at the door of his burrow silently watching the world go by, reminded me of my boys and brayed discordantly from a long and yellow throat.

Cat's Tenth Life.

A cat's remarkable power of resistance to gas was revealed in London, England, recently. The animal's apparently inanimate form was found in the gas cellar room of a house occupied by an upholsterer.

The man was dead and the gas fumes had also killed a parrot and a canary. As soon, however, as fresh air was admitted into the room the cat rolled over, jumped out of the window and disappeared down the garden. It has never been found, and is being cared for, seemingly none the worse for its adventure.

The Values for "Capacity Week" Are Super Extraordinary Buy Here and Save

"Capacity Week" Values in Accessories

Chamoisette Gloves, fancy emb. cuff—special....	59C. PAIR
Embroidered and lace trimmed Table Runners, special at.....	69C. EACH
Leather Boston Bags, very special at.....	98C. EACH
Silk and wool Knitting Yarns, reg. 35c. balls for	12 1-2C. EA.
Winter weight Cotton Vests, reg. $1.00 lines for	69C. EACH
Children's Cotton Vests, size 7, reg. 75c. lines for.....	38C. EACH
Children's black, ankle length Drawers, reg. $1.50 lines for.....	75C. EACH
Silk and Wool Hose, women's, reg. $1.50 lines for.....	98C. PAIR
Sport patterns in All-Wool Hose, reg. $1.00 lines for.....	69C. PAIR
Special purchase of Felt and Velvet Hats, to clear at.....	$2.95 EACH
Special purchase of the Metallic Hats..	SPECIALLY PRICED
Special group of Velvet Hats, to clear at.....	$3.95 EACH

Saturday, Nov. 5th is the Last Day of Capacity Week

Both Eyes on the Market

The C. D. S. L. system of buying through one central organization gives us a double advantage. Experienced buyers, representing twenty-two of Canada's larger stores, keep personally in touch with the markets, watching styles, testing qualities, comparing prices. In this way we are able not only to offer you newer, better merchandise, but to assure you the best possible value for your money.

"Capacity Week Values," capably demonstrate how advantageously we can serve you.

Choose the family's Winter requirements here and now.

"Capacity Week" Values for Home Sewers

Colored Fugi Silks, wide range of colors, reg. 75c. for.....	55C. YARD
Winter weight Coatings, values to $3.75, Sale Price.....	$1.00 YARD
Rich Cut Velvet, black and colors, reg. $4.50 values for.....	$3.95 YARD
Taffeta Silk, 2 yards only, Green and Taupe special	39C. YARD
Wool Jersey and Mixed Tweeds, values to $3.00, for.....	$1.50 YARD
32 in. Kremlaine Flannel, light colors, reg. $1.50 lines for.....	59C. YARD
Striped Union Flannel, 32 inch, reg. 60c. lines for.....	25C. YARD
54 inch Wool Velour, Navy and Saxe, to clear at	$100 YARD
38 inch Wool Serge, Navy, Brown, Saxe, to clear at.....	59C. YARD
36 inch Silk Dress Velvet, very special at.....	$2.75 YARD
Colored Fancy Linings, reg .values to $3.00, on sale.....	95C. YARD
12 only semi-made Wash Dresses, to clear at..	95C. EACH

"Capacity Week" Values in Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel

Newest modes in fur-trimmed pile fabric Winter Coats, regular $57.50 to $69.50 values for.....	$55.00 EACH
Special group of Winter Coats, featuring fur-trimmed modes in Pin-Point and Duvetyn, on sale at.....	$24.95 EACH
Exquisitely styled daytime Dresses, featuring styles in Silks, Crepes, Satins, Georgettes, reduced.....	33 1-3 P.C.
Transparent Slickers, made from imported British silks, reg. $10.95 lines, on sale at..	$8.88 EACH
Beautifully patterned, winter weight Kimonos, specially purchased for this sale. Rare value.....	$3.95 EACH
Girls' class-room frocks, cleverly fashioned from all wool Flannel. Our $4.49 lines, on sale at.....	$3.95 EACH
Infant's shawls, imported specially for C.D.S.L. Exceptional quality. Special at $1.95.....	$2.75 EACH
Infant's all wool carriage covers, unusually good looking. Limited quantity to clear at	$1.59 EACH
Rayon Princess Slips, made in standard opera top, with shadow hem. Regular $3.25 quality for	$2.59 EACH

Bleached English Sheeting, specially imported by C. D. S. L., 70 inches wide, regular 85c. values for	65C. YARD
Beautifully patterned, 36 in. Kimono Eiderdown, Blue and Rose color combinations, special at.....	85C. YARD
Large size Turkish Bath Towels, in plain White or attractively colored ,regular $1.00 per pair values for	79C. PAIR
Best quality Flannelette Blankets, in White or Grey, colored borders, 64 x 76 inch sizes. Special.....	$1.95 PAIR
Hemstitched all linen Huck Towels with striped ends of Pink, Blue, Yellow. Special	50C. EACH
Fancy Check Tea Towelling, in large checks of Rose, Mauve, Blue, Yellow, 18 inch for....	25C. YARD
Down Filled Comforters, exquisitely patterned and colored, full 66 x 72 in. size, spec.	$9.95 EACH
Special purchase of Wool Blankets makes possible these timely noteworthy and advantageous values : In 64 x 84 inch sizes, priced at....	$7.95 AND $8.95 PAIR
In 72 x 84 inch sizes, priced at.....	$8.95 PAIR
In 72 x 90 inch sizes, priced at.....	$10.95 EACH
English Flannel, celebrated Doctor brand, 27 in. In Cardinal at.....	75C. YARD
In Plain Grey at.....	55C. YARD

"Capacity Week" Values in Men's and Boys' winter Wearing Apparel

12 only Men's Winter Ulsters, good heavy Tweeds, convertible collars, yoke lined, special.....	$14.95 EACH
Men's fine Botany Serge Suits in Navy Blue only. Double or single breasted, special	$21.95 EACH
155 pairs Men's Tweed Trousers, reduced as follows : $7.50 lines for **$6.00** ; $6.00 lines for **$4.75** ; $5.00 lines for **$4.00** ; $4.00 lines for **$3.20** ; $3.50 lines for	$2.80
Children's Overcoats, winter weight, in newest fashions, reg. $7.50 lines for.....	$5.95 EACH
Men's Flannelette Work Shirts, made in large sizes, 14½ to 16½. Special at.....	85C. EACH
Men's Heavy Cotton Work Shirts, reg. $1.75 grades for.....	$1.39 EACH
Men's Caps, light and dark patterns, values to $2.00 for.....	$1.19 EACH
Men's heavy weight Flannelette Pyjamas, special Capacity Week purchase, spec. at	$2.49 EACH
Boys' Brushed Wool Windbreakers, in fancy patterns, special $2.95 lines for.....	$2.19 EACH
Men's Crepe and Silk Ties, 4-in-hand styles. On sale at.....	49C. EACH

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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. F. B. Elliot spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. J. E. Robinson returned on Friday from Baldwinsville, N.Y.

Mrs. Harry Garrett returned from Kingston General Hospital on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Denison spent the week-end in Brockville.

Messrs. Dr. Ross McLaughlin, J. B. Allison, H. W. Huffman and Mr. Roy Lott and friends left on Sunday for their annual hunting trip to the north country.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson and Mrs. Herbert Windover, Selby, are visiting friends in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Robt. Graham, Belleville, and Mrs. Dr. T. Benton, Kingston, were calling on friends in Napanee on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Graham and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cooke were in Oshawa on Thursday visiting Mr. Fred Graham, who has been quite ill.

Mrs. John Kent has returned from the Belleville General Hospital, after a serious operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gonsolus, Peterborough, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Matschke, Peterborough, Mrs. C. D. Eyvel, Galt, and Mr. Jay Miles, Detroit, were in Napanee last week attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Chas. Lowry.

Mrs. E. Boyce, Newburgh, is visiting her son in Syracuse, N.Y.

Mrs. W. B. Cronk, who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Meagher, returned last week to Alton, Ill.

Miss Margaret South is visiting her sister in Trenton.

Mr. Earl F. VanLuven returned to Colton, Cal., last week.

Miss Lottie Fox, Lindsay, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Meagher.

Mrs. F. H. Henderson, Newburgh road, was in Toronto last week, attending the Provincial convention of Sunday School school workers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce, of Syracuse, N.Y., spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. N. Van-Alstyne, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Meagher and Miss Helen Farley, of Watertown, N.Y., spent the week-end with Mrs. J. Gates and Mrs. M. O'Connor.

DEATHS

Hough—At Kingston, on Saturday, Oct. 29th, 1927, Fannie Mellow, beloved wife of Mr. Wm. B. Hough, aged 64 years, 6 months.

Reid—At Camden, on Sunday, Oct. 30th, 1927, Henry Reid, aged 69 years, 18 days.

Cello-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

The regular monthly meeting of St. Andrew's Ladies' Aid will be held on Thursday, Nov. 3rd, at 3 o'clock.

Queen's University won the rugby game at Toronto on Saturday by a score of 12 to 6, defeating Varsity.

Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., will hold an "At Home" for its members and lady frineds on the evening of Nov. 9th.

Hundreds of cars passed through Napanee from Thursday to Sunday going and coming from the rugby game in Toronto on Saturday.

The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Mary Magdalene Church will hold their annual social evening on Thursday evening, Nov. 3rd, in the Sunday school room at 8 o'clock. A good programme will be given. Refreshments served. All are cordially invited. Silver collection.

The Musical Eckardts, Swiss bell ringers and variety entertainers will appear at the Wonderland Theatre on Tuesday evening, Nov. 8th. Since their last visit to Napanee, four years ago, the Eckhardts have engaged some new performers and promise an entire change of programme. The Company appear here in addition to the regular run of feature pictures.

John McAuley, a former well-known resident of Richmond township, died on Wednesday last at the home of his sister, Mrs. Thos. Killorin, Napanee, following an illness of several months. The funeral took place from Mrs. Killorin's residence on Friday morning to St. Patrick's church, where requiem high mass was sung by Rev. Father O'Connor and interment took place in the R .C. cemetery.

Horace S. Colliver, the conservative candidate in Prince Edward, nominated to contest the by-election caused by the appointment of Hon. W. E. Raney to the bench, will probably be elected by acclamation. The Liberals of Prince Edward county nominated Mr. A. A. Morden, of Wellington, as their candidate, but for family reasons Mr. Morden resigned, and it took as if no other candidate would enter the field. Mr. Fred Newman, Mayor of Picton, was mentioned as a temperance candidate, but refused to enter the contest.

STOMACH GAS DRIVES MAN FROM BED

"I had gas so bad I had to get up nights on account of the pressure on my heart. I used Adlerika and have been entirely relieved."—F. Krueger.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

The floors in the Napanee Armouries, which are getting in bad condition, are being repaired.

Mr. James Daly, Wolfe Island, in drilling for water on his farm has secured, it is stated, an unlimited supply of gas, the flame from which will shoot up for a distance of forty feet. It is Mr. Daly's intention to harness the gas and light his whole premises. The gas was secured at a depth of fifty feet.

"Love never faileth," I. Cor. 13-8; "We love Him, because He first loved us," I. John 4-19; "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5-8; "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us," I. John 3-16; "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," I. John 3-1; "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3-16.

A BIBLE LOVER.

A pretty wedding, which united two of the oldest United Empire Loyalist families of Eastern Ontario, took place on Saturday evening, October 22nd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard T. Parks, Hay Bay, when their daughter, Evelyn Mercedes, was united in marriage to Mr. Vernon Ross Allison, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Allison, of Adolphustown. Rev. Harry Pawson, of Trinity United Church, Napanee, conducted the ceremony. Yellow chrysanthemums and asparagus fern made pleasing decorations. The wedding music was played by Miss Edith Allison, of Ottawa, sister of the groom. The bride wore a becoming gown of Bermuda pink georgette, and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses and lily of the valley. Miss Marjorie Parks, sister of the bride, in orchid georgette, was her only attendant. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Hugh Allison, as groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful white gold and diamond-set pin, to the bridesmaid and panist, bar pins, and to the best man, gold cuff links. A dainty lunch was served by the Misses Kathleen Robbin, Geneva Roblin, Marion Miller Hazel McCabe, Jean Robertson and Helen Milling, personal friends of the bride. The happy couple left by motor trip to Montreal and the Eastern States.

Brain and Intelligence.

There is no evidence that the size of the brain has anything to do with intelligence. Men are larger than women, therefore they have larger but not necessary better brains. Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, had an exceptionally large brain, only exceeded by two others; one of the others was an imbecile. Next in weight came a laborer and a bricklayer. The largest woman's brain recorded weighed 1,742 grams; she was insane, and died of consumption. A small brain is no more of a handicap than a small foot. It is quality that counts.

MUSHROOMS.

Belong to a Family Legend Links With the "Little People."

The names of many species of fungi are so fantastic and unexpected that we instinctively feel there must be a story behind them.

Take the Jew's ear, for instance. This fungus resembles a human ear and grows upon the rough trunk of the elder. Some authorities affirm that it is a contraction of Judas' ear, as it is popularly believed that Judas hanged himself on the elder-tree.

Then there are many names of fungi which remind us of our forefathers' superstitious belief in fairies, gnomes, and elves. Among them are the fairy club, golden spindle, dryad's club, and dryad saddle. These are dainty club fungi, ranging from an inch to a foot in height and variously colored.

There are also many elf cups, such as the scarlet, orange-pel, and brown, are due to a little fungus called the hare's ear and bat's ear, which are longer and not so cup-shaped.

We still encounter fairy rings, which our grandparents believed to be the scenes of fairy dances. They are due to a litti fungus called the oread or fairy-ring champignon, the spores of which fall outside the ring until eventually the original fungus dies out, leaving a particularly green circle of grass. This fungus, which has an aromatic scent, is edible.

Certain fungi, when mature, dissolve into a black fluid, resembling ink. In fact, in the case of the magpie mushroom, which is conical in shape, with a black-and-white cup, this fluid is used for writing.

Some fungi names indicate that the plants which bear them are poisonous toadstool is called the destroying angel. Another poisonous toadstool is called the poison pie, as it resembles a small pie.

The bird's nest, rose cup, scarlet hood, thimble finger, devil's finger, oyster of the woods, and vegetable beefsteak are other names given to varieties of small fungi.

ON THE WHITE MAN'S TRAIL.

North American Indian Has Had a Most Unusual Career.

Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, a full-blooded North American Indian, has had the most unusual career of any graduate of the Manlius School, New York.

Twenty years ago Long Lance was a cowboy in Wyoming. To-day he is considered one of the greatest living authorities on the North American Indian, and is a lecturer for the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Economics.

At one time Long Lance toured the country with "Buffalo Bill" Cody's Wild West Show.

After three years at Carlisle Indian School, Long Lance completed his course with honors, and then passed a year at Conway Hall, Dickinson College. His next step upward on the white man's trail came when he received a scholarship at St. John's Military School, as Manlius was then known.

In 1915 Long Lance graduated from Manlius with class and athlete honors, and the following year he enlisted in the Canadian army. Going to France as a sergeant of infantry, he won the Military Medal, the Croix de Gurre, and the Italian War Cross, and was twice wounded.

Confronted with the necessity of making a living in civil life, Long Lance went to Los Angeles. He had been the Canadian light-heavyweight champion in France, and professional boxing loomed as an employment possibility. A $500 offer to fight was made almost immediately. An opening as a film actor also presented itself.

Long Lance took a job as reporter on a Calgary newspaper. That was the beginning of his real success. As an author and a historian of his people he has found himself.

Two or three times a year he goes back to the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, where he passed his boyhood. In the summer he goes into the Rockies. Always he is gathering information to be used in his writings.

New Coins for Old.

The familiar silver coins of Britain, which vanish so rapidly when Old Country people go shopping, are shortly to appear in a new form. New designs have been prepared for all the five coins in common use, and also for the five-shilling piece. The issue of the last-named will be small, and will probably be almost entirely absorbed by collectors.

There has been much adverse criticism of Britain's silver coinage during recent years, and it is partly to meet this that the new designs are to be adopted. Only one side of the coins is to be changed, however—in every case the side bearing the King's head will remain unaltered.

Very few changes have been made in silver coinage during the last century, other than those made necessary by the death of a monarch.

The gold design will remain as it is; it is too good to alter.

THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD EGGS

Chinese Restaurant Provides Many Strange High-priced Dishes—Some Are Very Satisfying.

Quaint, queer and qualmist are the strange dishes procurable in the genuine Chinese restaurant. While quite all right for Oriental palates, the children of the Occident would be much wiser to eat, enjoy and ask no questions.

Preserved bamboo shoots floating in syrup, shark's-fin boiled and heavily deluged with pepper, bird's nest soup, dried "lycnees" (which in their fresh state taste like the grape), fricasse of rat, and various highly-spiced delicities are forthcoming, in the real, high-priced Chinese restaurant, provided the diner can afford the price, which is a high one.

The Chinese egg, however, for long provided a problem on account of its necessarily (supposed) great age.

As a matter of fact, nowadays it is but a month old, the peculiar flavor and strange appearance being, so to speak, the result of a new method of forcing. The egg which is thus brought to maturity tastes remarkably like the genuine article.

A mixture is prepared, consisting of burned straw ash, pure soda, table salt and boiling water, slaked lime being added. Each of the eggs awaiting treatment is smeared with the mixture three times, until a layer a quarter of an inch thick has been secured, after which a coating of rice husks is added—to prevent sticking. The eggs are then placed in a jar, which is sealed with clay. Thirty days later, the contents are removed, when it is found that the artificially-matured egg fulfils all the requirements of the most exacting gourmet. The proper degree of coagulation is acquired and the flavor is that of "a costly thousand-year-old egg," according to the customers who crowd the restaurant nightly.

General satisfaction prevails.

One dollar and a half is the comparatively modest price, and the hungry one who has eaten three of these eggs, with a plate of rice to keep them company, rarely is in a position to demand anything else. Coagulated egg goes a long way towards satisfying even the most robust appetite.

The proprietor of the restaurant makes no secret of the method which he employs. But those who, intent on celebrating some joyful occasion, such as the birth of a son and heir, or the marriage of a daughter to a wealthy young man, are willing to pay for a delicacy which owes its age to the hand of time. A year ago, Bonifacc possessed 300 eggs which, according to a sworn statement furnished by the Shanghai merchant who shipped them, were laid in 1849.

To-day there are only 24 remaining; their price is 16 francs apiece, a figure which puts them out of the reach of any but the rich Chinese, of whom, flappily, there are a few in Paris. Only recently, for example, a medical student from Canton marked the unexpected arrival of 5,000 yen, the gift of an indulgent and fond parent, by giving a dinner at which fourteen of the 49 eggs were served as hors d'oeuvre. Like the Scotsman, he thought nothing of banging "expence."

Parisians, ready to experiment, sometimes are to be seen at the Chinese restaurant, and looking as though each strange dish had met with their approval. They, however, give the aged egg a cake, the fricassee of rat also being avoided.

Lost Articles In London, England.

The number of articles annually lost by Londoners has grown within the past twenty years from 57,820 to 163,577. Some, mind you, are articles found by honest folk and handed over to the police. Thousands more are picked up and pocketed by less scrupulous people.

Weigh-In After Wedding Feast.

At a wedding celebration at Schotten, in Hesse, Germany, the guests were weighed before and after the feast. One man put on five pounds and several others three pounds. The total increase in weight of the guests was nearly 154 pounds.

Stockings of Human Hair.

As a preventive of colds, workers in Japanese rice fields wear stockings of human hair.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, *The Great English Preparation*, Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-7

Dealing with many aspects of outdoor life and hunting and fishing, the November issue of ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS which has just been published, contains a most interesting collection of stories and articles. Among them is a very good yarn on surveying the mouth of the Nelson River in Hudson's Bay, by Robert James, stories from the Tabusintac River in New Brunswick by the well known writer, Bonnycastle Dale, a stirring fiction story of the old days of the "fur lords" in the north by Samuel A. White and a good trapping article by Raymond Thompson.

The regular special departments dealing with fishing, trapping, shoot, outdoor and kennel also contain very interesting material, while the Silver Fox News section contains th latest news of the industry, together with interesting and helpful articles on the care and management of foxes.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

WHERE, OH, WHERE

Officer: "You were making too much noise. I'll have to pinch you."

Martha: "Oh, if you must, please do it where it won't show!"—Pipe Progress.

PROBABLY WORE A MUSTACHE

Busy Boss to Stenog: "Take the phone message—I'll get it from you later."

Stenog. (demurely): "No, thanks. Your little girl wants to kiss you over the wire."

Plow Shares.

To fit all makes of plows at THE M. B. MILLS CO. 48-tf

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Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

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